THE

IDYLLIA, EPIGRAMS, and FRAGMENTS,

OF

THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS;

TRANSLATED

BY THE REVEREND

RICHARD POLWHELE.

VOL. I.

THE

IDYLLIA,

Epigrams, and Fragments,

OF

THEOCRITUS,

BION, AND MOSCHUS,

WITH THE

ELEGIES OF TYRTÆUS;

Tranſlated from the Greek into Engliſh Verſe.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DISSERTATIONS AND NOTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

BY THE REVEREND

RICHARD POLWHELE.

Bath

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A New Edition of his THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS, *and* TYRTÆUS, *being required, the Tranſlator is happy to republiſh them in the preſent form.*

From his preface to the firſt edition, he thinks it neceſſary to reprint the following paragraphs:—

"*The manner of* THEOCRITUS *is various. Some of his Idyllia are characterized by a rude ſimplicity. Such are the fourth and fifth. To give a diſcriminating idea of theſe, was a matter of extreme difficulty. But the Tranſlator hath aimed at it, (however he may have failed in the attempt) by a certain quaintneſs of phraſe peculiar to people in low life, by rhymes of a ruſtical ſound, and by the interſperſion of a few antiquated words.*

"*Other Idyllia are diſtinguiſhed by an elegant ſimplicity; particularly the firſt and ſeventh. Here the Tranſlator hath endeavoured to recommend the ſimple ſentiment by the muſical modulation of his verſes, as free as poſſible from artificial embelliſhment.*

"*There are other Idyllia that ſeemed to require an ornamented diction; the eighteenth in particular, which is remarkable for the ſplendor of its decorations.*

" *The Heroic Idyllia are ſtill of a different kind. They have a grave majeſtic air, relieved by a few intervening familiarities.*

" *The fourteenth and fifteenth Idyllia are conſpicuouſly diſcriminated from all the reſt. Their comic humour ſeems perfectly conſiſtent with the lightneſs and volubility of the hendecaſyllable verſe.*

" BION *and* MOSCHUS *are no manneriſts. Their features (compared with thoſe of* THEOCRITUS*) have little ſtrength or variety of expreſſion. They often dazzle by a glare of colouring; though they have, ſometimes, a ſoftneſs of tint on which the eye repoſes with complacency. The Tranſlator ſhall only add, that in* BION's Epitaph on ADONIS, *and other pieces of a ſimilar nature, he hopes he hath not obſcured the ſentiment by too much compreſſing it; and that his lax manner (in ſome parts of* MOSCHUS *particularly) was deſignedly adopted, as neareſt approaching the familiar ſtyle of converſation.*

" TYRTÆUS *hath a manner peculiar to himſelf—or to the Poets of uncommercial, unphiloſophic æras, whoſe obſervation and expreſſion were circumſcribed by the neceſſity of the times. This is a material circumſtance, which the Tranſlator truſts he hath not forgotten in his verſion.*"

THE IDYLLIA AND EPIGRAMS OF THEOCRITUS.

ΤΟΙΣ ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΟΙΣ, ΠΛΗΝ ΟΛΙΓΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΕΞΩΘΕΝ,
Ο ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΥΧΕΣΤΑΤΟΣ.

LONGINUS.

ADMIRABILIS IN SUO GENERE THEOCRITUS: SED MUSA ILLA RUSTICA ET PASTORALIS NON FORUM MODO, VERUM ETIAM URBEM REFORMIDAT.

QUINTILLIAN.

QUINETIAM RITUS PASTORUM, ET PANA SONANTEM
IN CALAMOS, SICULA MEMORAT TELLURE CREATUS:
NEC SYLVIS SYLVESTRE CANIT; PERQUE HORRIDA MOTUS
RURA SERIT DULCES; MUSAMQUE INDUCIT IN AURAS.

MANILIUS.

IDYLLIUM THE FIRST.

THYRSIS; OR, THE ODE.

THYRSIS AND GOATHERD.

THYRSIS.

YON' breezy pine, whoſe foliage ſhades the ſprings,
In many a vocal whiſper ſweetly ſings!
Sweet too the murmurs of thy breathing reed:
Thine, GOATHERD, next to PAN, is Muſic's meed!
For, if the God receive a horn'd He-Goat,
The Female ſhall attend thy *Dorian* oat!

But if the rights of Sylvan PAN forbid—
And he the Female claim, be thine a Kid!
Full udder'd, ere we ſtroke its flowing teat,
We hold the tender kid delicious meat.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter thy warblings, than the ſtreams that glide
Down the ſmooth rock, ſo muſical a tide!
If one white Ewe reward the MUSE's ſtrain,
A ſtall-fed Lamb awaits the Shepherd-Swain:
But if the gentler Lambkin pleaſe the NINE,
Then, tuneful THYRSIS, ſhall the Ewe be thine.

THYRSIS.

Say, wilt thou reſt thee on this ſhelving bed,
By the cool tamariſk's ſhady bower o'erſpread?
Come, wilt thou charm the Wood-Nymphs with thy lay?
I'll feed thy goats, if thou conſent to play.

GOATHERD.

I dare not, Shepherd, at the hour of noon,
My pipe to ruſtic melodies attune:
'Tis PAN we fear: from hunting he returns,
As all in ſilence huſh'd, the noonday burns;
And, tir'd, repoſes 'mid the woodland ſcene,
Whilſt on his noſtrils ſits a bitter ſpleen.
But come, (ſince DAPHNIS' woes to thee are known;
And well we deem the rural Muſe thine own)
Let us, at eaſe, beneath that elm recline,
Where ſculptur'd NAÏDS o'er their fountains ſhine;
While gay PRIAPUS guards the ſweet retreat,
And oaks, wide-branching, ſhade yon paſtoral ſeat.
And, THYRSIS, if thou ſing ſo ſoft a ſtrain
As erſt contending with the Libyan Swain;
Thrice ſhalt thou milk that goat for ſuch a lay;
Two kids ſhe rears, yet fills two pails a day.
With this, I'll ſtake (o'erlaid with wax it ſtands,
And ſmells juſt recent from the graver's hands

My large two-handled cup, rich-wrought and deep;
Around whoſe brim pale ivy ſeems to creep,
With helichryſe entwin'd: ſmall tendrils hold
Its ſaffron fruit in many a claſping fold.
Within, high-touch'd, a Female Figure ſhines;—
Her cawl—her veſt—how ſoft the waving lines!
And near, two Youths (bright ringlets grace their brows)
Breathe in alternate ſtrife their amorous vows!
On each, by turns, the faithleſs Fair-one ſmiles,
And views the rival pair with wanton wiles.
Brimful, thro' paſſion, ſwell their twinkling eyes!
And their full boſoms heave with fruitleſs ſighs!
Amidſt the ſcene, a fiſher, grey with years,
On the rough ſummit of a rock appears;
And labouring, with one effort, as he ſtands,
To throw his large net, drags it with both hands!
So muſcular his limbs attract the ſight—
You'd ſwear the fiſher ſtretch'd with all his might.
Round his hoar neck, each ſwelling vein diſplays
A vigor worthy youth's robuſter days!

Next, red ripe grapes in bending cluſters glow:
A Boy, to watch the vineyard, ſits below!
Two Foxes round him ſkulk: this ſlily gapes,
To catch a luſcious morſel of the grapes;
But that, in ambuſh, aiming at the ſcrip,
Thinks 'tis too ſweet a moment to let ſlip—
And cries: "It ſuits my tooth—the little dunce—
"I'll ſend him dinnerleſs away, for once!"
He, idly-buſy, with his ruſh-bound reeds
Weaves locuſt-traps; nor ſcrip nor vineyard heeds.
Flexile around its ſides the acanthus twin'd,
Strikes as a miracle of art the mind.
This cup (from CALYDON it croſs'd the ſeas)
I bought for a ſhe-goat, and new-made cheeſe!
As yet unſoil'd, nor touch'd by lip of mine,
My Friend, this maſterpiece of wood be thine,
For thy LOV'D HYMN ſo ſweet, a willing meed!
Sure ſweeter flows not from the paſtoral reed!
And yet I envy not thy proudeſt boaſt—
Thy ſong will never reach oblivion's coaſt.

THYRSIS.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
Lo, ÆTNA's ſwain! 'tis THYRSIS' notes that flow!
Where ſtray'd ye, Nymphs, when DAPHNIS pin'd with love?
Through PENEUS' vale, or PINDUS' ſteepy grove?
For not ANAPUS' flood your ſteps delay'd—
Or ACIS' ſacred wave, or ÆTNA's ſhade!

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
Gaunt wolves and pards deplor'd his parting breath;
And ev'n the foreſt-lion mourn'd his death.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
Bulls, cows, and ſteers, ſtood drooping at his ſide,
And wail'd, in ſorrow, as the ſhepherd died.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

First, winged HERMES from the mountain came:
'Whence, DAPHNIS, whence, he cried, this fatal flame?'

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
The Goatherds, Hinds, and Shepherds, all enquir'd—
'What ail'd the Herdſman? and what fever fir'd?'
PRIAPUS came—and cried—'Ah, DAPHNIS, ſay,
'Does Love, poor DAPHNIS, ſteal thy ſoul away?
'She with bare feet, through woods and fountains roves—
'Exclaiming, "Hah, too thoughtleſs in thy loves!
"Hah! what though Herdſman be thy purer name,
"Sure, all the Goatherd marks thy lawleſs flame.
"He views with leering eyes his goats aſkance,
"Notes their keen ſport, and pines in every glance!
"Thus, while the virgin-train, fleet bounding by,
"Weave the gay dance, and titter at thy ſigh;
"Perfidious Man! each laugh lights up deſire,
"That waſtes thy gloting eyes with wanton fire!"
Silent he ſat—ſtill burning every vein
Throbb'd thro' dire love, 'till Death extinguiſh'd pain.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
Next VENUS' ſelf the hapleſs Youth addreſt,
(With faint, forc'd ſmiles, yet anger at her breaſt)
'Well, DAPHNIS, art thou ſtill a match for Love?
'Say, does not CUPID now the victor prove?

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
But he: 'Too true thou ſay'ſt, that Love hath won!
'Too ſure thy triumphs mark my ſetting ſun!'

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'Fly, where ANCHISES—to his arms away—
'And ſcreen your pleaſures from the gariſh day,
'On IDA's Hill: there ſpread o'er-arching groves;
'There many an oak will hide your covert loves;
'There the broad ruſh, in matted verdure, thrives;
'There bees, in buſy ſwarms, hum round their hives.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'ADONIS too—tho' delicately fair—
'He feeds his flocks, and hunts the flying hare!

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'Say,—if arm'd DIOMED ſhould meet thy ſight—
'I've conquer'd DAPHNIS—come renew the fight!

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'Ye wolves and bears and panthers of the woods;
'Ye glens and copſes and ye foaming floods;
'Ye waters, who your waves of ſilver roll
'Near THYMBRIS' towers, that once cou'd ſoothe my ſoul—
'And thou, dear—dear auſpicious ARETHUSE!
'O once the ſweet inſpirer of my Muſe,
'Farewell:—no more, alas! ſhall DAPHNIS rove
'Amidſt your haunts; for DAPHNIS dies of love!

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'I—I am he, who lowing oxen fed;
'Who to their well-known brook my heifers led.

Begin, dear Muſe, the ſtrain of paſtoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.
'PAN—PAN—of all our woodlands the delight,
'Whether thou roveſt on LYCÆUM's height,
'Or o'er the mighty MÆNALUS, O deign
'To viſit ſweet SICILIA's paſtoral plain.
'Leave *Lycaonian* HELICAS' high tomb,
'Tho' Gods revere the monumental gloom!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the tale of paſtoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence ceaſe to flow!
'O PAN, my reeds ſo cloſe-compacted take,
'And call forth all their tones for DAPHNIS' ſake!
'Bent for thy lip this pipe be thine to play!
'To the drear grave love hurries me away!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the tale of paſtoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence ceaſe to flow!
'Ye thorns and brambles the pale vi'let bear—
'Ye junipers, produce narciſſus fair!
'Ye pines, with fruitage from the pear-tree crown'd,
'Mark DAPHNIS' death, while all things change around—
Let ſtags purſue the beagles o'er the plain,
'And ſcreech-owls rival Philomela's ſtrain!'

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the tale of paſtoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence ceaſe to flow!
He ceas'd—and VENUS would have rais'd his head—
But Fate had ſpun his laſt-remaining thread!
And DAPHNIS paſt the lake! The o'erwhelming tide
Buried the Nymphs' delight—the Muſe's pride!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the tale of paſtoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence ceaſe to flow!
Now, fairly, friend, I claim the cup and goat—
Her milk, a ſweet libation, I devote

To you, ye Nine, inſpirers of my lay!
Be mine a loftier ſong, ſome future day.

GOATHERD.

THYRSIS! thy mouth may figs *Ægilean* fill!
And luſcious honey on thy lips diſtil!
For ſweeter, ſhepherd, is thy charming ſong,
Than ev'n Cicadas ſing the boughs among.
Behold thy cup, ſo ſcented, that it ſeems
Imbued with fragrance at the fountain ſtreams,
Where ſport the Hours!—Come CISS! May THYRSIS' pail
Beſpeak the richneſs of thy paſture-vale!

IDYLLIUM THE SECOND.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

SIMÆTHA.

WHERE—where's the laurel pluck'd from yonder grove?
Where the pale philtre that may charm my love?
Speed THESTYLIS; and fill the cauldron full!
Haſte—haſte—and crown it with this purple wool!
That I may hurry back the wretch, who ſtrays
Far from my ſilent gate (theſe twelve long days),
Nor heeds if poor SIMÆTHA live or die,
While fairer beauties lure his vagrant eye.
I'll haſte to the PALÆSTRA with the morn,
Meet his quick bluſh, and aſk 'whence comes his ſcorn?'

Now, as enchantment's midnight powers I hail,
Now, ſacred Moon, in all thy glory ſail
O'er the dire rites! The myſteries of my ſong
To thee and hell-born HECATE belong!—
Pale HECATE, who ſtalks o'er many a tomb,
And adds freſh horror to ſepulchral gloom;
Whilſt reeking goar diſtains the paths of death,
And blood-hounds fly the blaſting of her breath!
Hail HECATE! and give my riſing ſpell
Ev'n PERIMEDA's ſorceries to excell;
Bid the ſtrong witchery match ev'n CIRCE's ſkill;
And with MEDEA's venom'd fury fill!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

See—ſee—the crumbling cake conſumes away!
Hither—but ſtrait, thou lingering wretch, obey!
What, am I ſcorn'd? Does frenzy or amaze
Poſſeſs thee, ſlave? Come, ſtrew, amid the blaze,

The ſacred ſalt; and ſtrewing it, exclaim—
'Thus—DELPHIS' bones I ſcatter thro' the flame!'
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

My tortur'd boſom rues the perjur'd vow;
But in revenge, I give this laurel-bough,
The type of DELPHIS, to the crackling fires—
That, as the ſpirit of his life expires,
O'er his ſcorch'd frame, like theſe, may flaſhes haſte!
Thus his fleſh tremble! thus a cinder waſte!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

Ev'n as this wax evaporates in fume,
May *Myndian* DELPHIS, ſcorch'd by love, conſume!
And VENUS, whirl him, at my door, around,
Swift as this brazen orbit marks the ground!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

I ſtrew the bran: but DIAN's power can ſhake
Hell's adamantine gates, and bid all TARTARUS quake!
Hark—the dogs howling—to the cymbals fly!
The city-dogs proclaim the Goddeſs nigh!
  IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
  Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

See, ſmooth'd in calms the ſilent waves repoſe!
But ah! this boſom no ſuch quiet knows!
Relentleſs love! no more, alas! I boaſt
Unſpotted fame; my virgin-honors loſt!
  IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
  Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

The due libations, thrice, O MOON, I pour!
Thrice hail, with magic ſong, this hallow'd hour!
O through whatever flame he faithleſs proves,
Be his the blank oblivion of his loves!
Such as, in times of old, o'er THESEUS ſtole,
When ARIADNE's image fled his ſoul!

IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

Fir'd by the *Arcadian* plant, the foaming horſe
Breaks o'er the mountains with infuriate force!
Thus may I ſee the perjur'd DELPHIS roam,
And from his wonted ſports ruſh madd'ning home!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

Rent from the robe of him who works my woe,
This fringe, now rending, to the flames I throw!
Ah Love! why leech-like cling, too cloſe to part,
Suck my life-blood, and drain my fainting heart?
INYX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

Soon ſhall the wretch my direr vengeance prove
And a cruſh'd lizard bend his ſoul to love!

Now, at his threſhold (though no more his care,
Still my fixt paſſion fondly lingers there)
Go, ſtrew theſe magic poiſons – haſte away,
And 'DELPHIS' bones I ſcatter'—muttering, ſay.
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic charms!
Force him, though faithleſs, to theſe longing arms!

SHE's gone!—and ſhall I give my ſighs to flow,
Trace their ſad ſource, and tell my tale of woe?
What time her offerings fair ANAXO paid,
Ill-ſtarr'd, alas! to DIAN's grove I ſtray'd;
Where a gaunt lioneſs, and many a beaſt,
In ſlow proceſſion led, adorn'd the feaſt.
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

THEUCARILA's lov'd nurſe could ev'n perſuade
My ſteps to wander—(peace attend her ſhade!)
I went—in CLEARISTA's garments dreſt,
And train'd the trappings of a borrow'd veſt.

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

There then my DELPHIS (ſtill I fondly trace,
Near LYCON's houſe, the well-remember'd place)
My DELPHIS' glories all my ſoul abſorb!
O Moon, his boſom as thy ſilver orb,
Bright from the ſports! His chin the golden hues
Of helichryſe, in downy glow, ſuffuſe!
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

O how I ſaw! what frenzy ſeiz'd my brain!
Throbb'd my full heart, and thrill'd each beating vein!
The inſipid pomp no more I wiſh'd to ſee;
Its novelties, alas! were loſt on me!
Abrupt I hurried off, with trembling frame,
Sinking reach'd home, but knew not how I came:
There, on my bed, of pale diſeaſe the prey,
Ten lingering days, and ten long nights, I lay!

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

Then my pal'd cheeks appear'd, like Thapſus, dead;
And my hair periſh'd on my fainting head!
For eaſe, to many a Sorcereſs I applied:
What arts were practis'd, and what charms were tried!
In vain!—for nothing could the flame allay:
Dim life decay'd, and time flew ſwift away!
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

At length, no longer able to endure
My ſecret wound, and pine without a cure,
To THESTYLIS (by ſhame and grief o'erborne)
I ſhew'd the venom of the rankling thorn!
And 'Go,' I cried, '(ſince now too plain appears
'The ſource of all my anguiſh—all my tears)
'To TIMAGETUS' fam'd Palæſtra go—
'There (if alone he rove) a nod beſtow,

'Or tip a gentle wink, and, whiſpering ſay,
"SIMÆTHA calls—Come, DELPHIS—come away!"
I ſpoke—and THESTYLIS obey'd—He came—
But O! what ſudden tremors ſhook my frame!
Cold dews, as he advanc'd with eaſy pace,
Like ſouthern damps, diſtilling from my face!
Stiff as this golden necklace—ſtiff as froſt—
I ſtrove to mutter—but my voice was loſt!
Not on my fainting lips ſuch accents hung
As murmur, feeble, from an infant's tongue;
When querulouſly dreaming on her breaſt
His mother lulls him into gentler reſt.
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

Then thus the Youth (tho' now relentleſs) cries,
Whilſt on my couch he ſat, with downcaſt eyes:
'In truth, as erſt PHILINUS I outrun,
'The prize of CUPID hath SIMÆTHA won!

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

'For I had come (by ſweeteſt love I ſwear)
'Tho' no kind call had mark'd thy partial care,
'Join'd by ſelect aſſociates of the town,
'Thro' night's dun ſhade, to meet thy ſmile or frown!
'My poplar wreath with purple ribbons dreſt,
'And the love-apples bluſhing in my breaſt.
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

'And if admitted—Love had crown'd my prayer;
'(For know, I'm nam'd the Active and the Fair)
'Yet had I reſted happy in the bliſs,
'Had I from theſe ſweet lips but ſnatch'd a kiſs!
'But if thy pride had giv'n the bolting bar
'To kindle, with its harſh repulſe, the war;
'Then had I bid the ſtronger axe aſſail,
'And many a flaſhing torch had turn'd thee pale.

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came;
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

'Be thine, O VENUS, at this happier hour,
'A heart's warm homage that adores thy power!
'And, next, this tribute may SIMÆTHA claim,
'Who ſweetly call'd, and ſnatch'd me from the flame!
'Ah! lightning Love, more fierce than ÆTNA's blaze,
'Pours--on his victim pours—conſuming rays!
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this paſſion came!
What caus'd my anguiſh, and what fed the flame!

'Full oft hath Love with wild diſorder ſway'd
'The roving Conſort, and the frenzied Maid!
'Venom'd alike, the dark contagion ſpreads
'Through virgin chambers, or through bridal beds.'
He ceas'd. But thou, O Moon, who know'ſt my grief—
Ah me too credulous!—while fond belief—
Ah! while ſeducing fancy fir'd my breaſt—
Let tears and burning bluſhes tell the reſt!

Yet bliſs was our's, through ſweet deluſion's aid;
Suſpicion ſlept, and mutual vows were made:
Yet till, this day, ſhone out the roſy morn
By the ſun's rapid ſteeds from ocean borne,
I cheriſh'd what I deem'd no hopeleſs flame—
When lo! my little Minſtrel's mother came;
And, 'from the cleareſt ſigns,' averr'd, 'ſhe knew,
'That DELPHIS—perjur'd DELPHIS, was not true!
'For oft, ſhe ſaid, he drank ſome favourite Love—
'Then went in haſte—while round his rooms were wove
'Of flowery garlands many a gay feſtoon'—
Too certain all! ſince here, at morn and noon,
His conſtant viſits he was wont to pay;
Or left his *Doric* box at cloſe of day.
Twelve days are paſt! no more that face I ſee!
Heavens! Does that heart no more remember me?

Hail, philtres! hail! If ſtill he ſcorn the ſpell,
By Fate, I'll force him to the gates of hell!

Such potent ſorceries an *Aſſyrian* taught,
As to a magic charm the drugs he wrought!
But now farewell! in ſpotleſs glory fair!
(For, as I've borne my griefs, I yet will bear)
Farewell, bright Moon! In all thy ſplendor, go
To the dark manſions of the waves below;
And, ye attendant orbs, farewell—that light
With many a twinkling ray the car of night!

IDYLLIUM THE THIRD.

AMARYLLIS.

GOATHERD.

BEHOLD! I haſten, on the wings of love,
To meet my AMARYLLIS in the grove!
Meantime, my goats ſhall crop this paſture-hill,
And, TITYRUS, guide them to their wonted rill:
Yet, whether ſtream or paſturage be thy care,
That *Lybian* ram, with butting head, beware.

Say, lovely AMARYLLIS, why, no more,
As thou wert wont, hy charming accents pour;

Near yonder cave recline, at close of day,
And, sunk in soft endearments, melt away?
Say, am I hated? Do my looks offend?
Thy scorn, alas! will bring me to my end!
Yet lo! (too fondly I remember thee)
Ten apples, gather'd from thy favourite tree!
Ten more, dear Maid, to-morrow will I give—
Ah! soothe my aching heart, and let me live!

O, were a humming bee's my happier lot!
Then would I waft me to thy shady grot,
Unheeded, through its fern and ivy creep,
And with soft murmurs lull my Love to sleep!

I know thee, CUPID! thee (whose subtle flame
With thrilling ardor shoots through all my frame)
A lioness, besmear'd with human gore,
Amid the wildness of the forest bore;
Nurs'd thee, dire God, familiar to her den,
And form'd thee savage as the howling glen!

Sweet-ſmiling Nymph, whoſe ebon eye-brows own
Beauty's ſoft touch, though all thy heart be ſtone;
Come, claſp me in thy languiſhing embrace,
That I may kiſs at leaſt, thy lovely face!
For ev'n ſuch empty kiſſes lull to reſt
The fever'd fury of the throbbing breaſt!
Ah no! thy proud diſdain will bid me tear
This garland—ſcatter'd to the breezing air—
This wreath, of ivy pale and parſley wove,
With unblown roſes—as the pledge of love!

Alas! what ſorrows preſs! What power can ſave
A wretch undone—I'll ruſh into the wave,
Where, yonder, OLPIS, on the rocky ſteep,
His tunnies marks, reflected from the deep:
Though buoyant on the ſurge my body lie,
At leaſt, 'twill pleaſe thee, that I meant to die.

Soon by the withering orpine-leaf, I found
Some change: ſtruck hollow, yet it gave no ſound!

Ah! not in vain (I could not but believe)
Mutter'd the wrinkled hag, and turn'd her ſieve:
Too true ſhe ſung, prophetic of my fate,
Paſſion but ill requited by thy hate!

The goat ſo ſnowy-white, that kidlings bears,
(Since now I'm ſlighted by thy haughty airs)
I give ERITHACIS: 'Tis true, ſhe's brown—
And yet, ſhe will not meet me with a frown!

My right-eye itches! Shall I ſee her ſtill?
I ſit me down beneath the wildwood hill!
And haply, as I pipe, the wandering Maid
May hear my muſic from the pine-tree ſhade!
And ſhe may look on me, perchance; and grant
My prayer: for ſure, ſhe is not adamant!

HIPPOMANES, to catch the virgin's eyes,
Threw out the golden lure, and won the prize:

How ATALANTA felt the trancing ſpell,
And down the depths of love, in frenzy, fell:
From OTHRYS' top, the ſeer MELAMPUS drove
His herds to *Pylian* plains, impell'd by love:
The beauteous mother of a wiſer maid
To melting BIAS all her charms diſplay'd:
And could not, on his hills, ADONIS fire
The raving Goddeſs with ſuch wild deſire,
That to her breaſt ſhe drew his quivering breath,
And lock'd his limbs in her's, tho' chill'd by death?
Tho' CYNTHIA's favors were ENDYMION's boaſt,
'Tis his eternal ſleep I envy moſt!
And ſuch high tranſports bleſt IASION knew--
A tale too hallow'd for the vulgar crew!

My faint head throbs! Yet what avails the ſigh?
No tear of pity melts thy ſcornful eye!
Here then, I throw my vain--vain pipe away,
And lay me down to ravening wolves a prey;
While my torn limbs, aſunder as they part,
Shall pleaſe, like honey to the taſte, thy heart!

IDYLLIUM THE FOURTH.

THE SWAINS.

BATTUS, *a Shepherd, and* CORYDON, *a Neatherd.*

BATTUS.

PRAY, CORYDON, are theſe PHILONDA's cows?

CORYDON.

No—ÆGON's: 'Tis my charge to ſee them browſe.

BATTUS.

By ſtealth, thou milk'ſt them, I ſuppoſe, at eve?

CORYDON.

No—my old Maſter who could e'er deceive?
Oft as the calves are ſuckled, he ſtands by,
And marks my motions with ſo ſhrewd an eye,
'Twere vain to practiſe on the carle a fraud.

BATTUS.

But where is ÆGON? Is he gone abroad?

CORYDON.

Not heard?—He's gone with MILO, to the game,
To gain, on ALPHEUS' banks, the wreſtler's fame.

BATTUS.

When could his eyes have ſeen the wreſtler's oil?

CORYDON.

They ſay, he'd match ALCIDES in the toil—

BATTUS.

Indeed! Believe my mother, if thou can,
And I than POLLUX am a better man.

CORYDON.

He's gone then—driving with him full a ſcore
Of ſheep; while in his hand a ſpade he bore.

BATTUS.

What cannot MILO? Sure, he can perſuade
Ev'n wolves to madneſs!—

CORYDON.

Here, along the ſhade,
His heifers crop no more the tender blade!

BATTUS.

Poor beaſts! how bad a maſter!

CORYDON.

Poor indeed!

They low in ſorrow, and no longer feed!

BATTUS.

Yes—in yon' cow a ſkeleton we view!

What! like cicadas, does ſhe live on dew?

CORYDON.

No—at ÆSARUS' ſtreams ſhe loves to ſtray,

And feeds on bundles of our fragrant hay.

Oft too ſhe friſks around LATYMNUS' hill,

And in the ſhady foreſt eats her fill.

BATTUS.

And that red bull—of bones a very bag!

May the LAMPRIADÆ no better brag

For JUNO's ſhrine—curs'd race!

CORYDON.

Yet PHYSCUS' woods,

The marſh, the groves that hide NEÆTHUS' floods,

He wanders o'er—where bloſſom'd buckwheat grows;
And ſweet, the honeybell—the cowſlip glows.

BATTUS.

Yes! and to hell too, will thy cattle go—
And rove, poor ÆGON, in the ſhades below!
While, vainly, thy abſurd ambition tries
To bear away the bubble of a prize!
Thy pipe may moulder into duſt away,
Fram'd by thy hands, in troth, for quick decay.

CORYDON.

No, BATTUS, by the NYMPHS, the pipe's my boon!
He gave it me; and I know many a tune!
I chaunt ſweet GLAUCA's ſongs and PYRRHUS' lays;
Salubrious CROTON and ZACYNTHUS' praiſe!
And, as I view LACINIUM's eaſtern ſcite,
There, well remember what unrival'd might
Our ÆGON (who devour'd alone, that day,
Full fourſcore cakes) ruſh'd onward to diſplay;
When boldly ſeizing by his iron hoof
(While eager expectation hung aloof)

He dragg'd the bull infuriate, down the hill,
That vainly ſtruggled againſt ſtrength and ſkill,
And gave it AMARYLLIS! 'Midſt the crowd
The women ſhouted, and he laugh'd aloud.

BATTUS.

My ſweeteſt AMARYLLIS! lovely maid!
Tho' thou art gone, thy memory ne'er ſhall fade!
Ah, fate! what evils mortal man betide!
Dear as the goats I tend, the virgin died.

CORYDON.

Cheer up, my ſwain! Another day may riſe,
Tho' now perhaps it lours, with kindlier ſkies!
Hope ſhines in life: In death there's not a ſpark:
At times, the heavens are bright—at times are dark.

BATTUS.

I'm not caſt down—But ſee, thy heifers prey
On my fat olives: *Whiteface*, hiſt!—away.

CORYDON.

Hoh *Colly*, to the bank: Not ſtir an inch—
If I approach thee, faith, I'll make thee flinch!

See now—ſhe comes again! the villain—look—
By PAN, I wiſh I had my leveret-crook!

BATTUS.

A thorn pricks ſore my leg! See here the wound—
How thick theſe matted briars o'erſpread the ground!
Haſte, CORYDON! Doſt ſee't? Plague take the beaſt!

CORYDON.

See here!

BATTUS.

Tho' ſmall, its pain was not the leaſt.

CORYDON.

Then climb no more the mountain's pathleſs ſteep—
Or thro' its furzy thickets raſhly creep
With feet unſandal'd: on the mountain grow
Brambles and ſpindling thorns, to work thee woe.

BATTUS.

But, CORYDON, pray tell me, whether, ſtill,
Thy grey old Maſter revels at his will?
Hath yet the carle a thirſty ſoul to quench?
Does he yet follow the dark-eye-brow'd wench?

CORYDON.

Yes—yes—he ſtill purſues his Girl—the goat—
Laſt night I caught him in the hurdled cote.

BATTUS.

Well done! no *Satyr*, with his ſpindle-ſhanks,
Not PAN with thee, ſalacious fellow, ranks!

IDYLLIUM THE FIFTH.

THE TRAVELLERS.

COMATES, *a Goatherd, and* LACON, *a Shepherd.*
Woodman MORSON, *the Umpire.*

COMATES.

FLY—fly, my goats, that wicked *Sybarite*—
The rogue—He ſtole my goatſkin, but laſt night!

LACON.

Lambs, from the brook—my tender lambkins, fly—
For he who ſtole my flute, ſtands ſkulking by!

COMATES.

Thy flute! What ſong can ſervile LACON play?
Indeed, with brother CORYDON, thy lay
Drew many a laughing lout, who heard and ſaw
Thy ſqueaking ſcrannel reed of wretched ſtraw!

LACON.

No—LYCON gave me a melodious flute!
But could I ſteal a goatſkin from a brute?
Thy maſter's limbs on no ſoft ſkin recline:
Sure, ſuch a luxury was never thine.

COMATES.

Yes! 'twas the ſpeckled one, of ſpecial note,
My neighbour gave me, when he kill'd the goat!
Thou know'ſt the time: for then thy envious eyes
Glanc'd theft; and now, thy hands have ſtol'n the prize!

LACON.

By PAN 'tis falſe—by PAN, who guards our ſhore—
Or, may I never be called LACON more!
Or, into CRATHIS' ſtreams that roll ſo deep,
In madneſs may I plunge from yonder ſteep!

COMATES.

And, by the NYMPHS, the FOUNTAIN-NYMPHS, I ſwear,
In yonder fane propitious to my prayer;
COMATES never ſtole a flute of thine—

LACON.

If I believe, may DAPHNIS' woes be mine!
'Nought's ſacred!' Yet, ſince thus thy tongue defies,
Stake down a kid; I warrant, I've the prize!

COMATES.

'MINERVA's ſow!' Of wrangling to get rid,
If thou wilt ſtake a lamb, I lay a kid.

LACON.

Hah! ſhrewd COMATES! thy propoſal's deep!
But who e'er ſhear'd a goatling for a ſheep?
In vain might ſuch a flam a booby bilk—
Who ever left a goat, a bitch to milk?

COMATES.

He, who the prize, like thee, would vainly graſp—
To the cicada ſhrill, a humming waſp.
But if a kidling be no equal ſtake,
That full-grown goat, that browſes yonder, take!

LACON.

Yet why ſuch haſte? Beneath the friendly ſhade
Of this wild olive-tree that ſkirts the glade,
While there the cooling ſtream glides ſoft along,
May breathe, in ſweeter tones, thy boaſted ſong.

Here graſſy beds—here tender herbage ſprings—
Here, perch'd on high, the noonday locuſt ſings.

COMATES.

I'm not in haſte—but feel it a diſgrace,
That ſuch a lout confronts me, face to face!
That he, whom yet a boy I taught, ſhould dare
With rivalry repay his maſter's care.
Thus train'd and fed, the favor to requite,
A wolf will eat thee, and a dog will bite!

LACON.

But tell me, caitiff, when wert thou ſo kind?
For not one ditty I recall to mind.
Yet, boaſter! ſince thy tongue can run ſo faſt,
Come, to the grove along, and ſing thy laſt.

COMATES.

No—ſwain: here flouriſh oaks—here ruſhes thrive—
Here ſweetly buz the bees round many a hive;
Here two freſh fountains cool the heats of day,
And prattling birds enliven every ſpray!
Here, while thy bowers a ſlighter umbrage own,
The cluſtering pine-tree ſcatters many a cone.

LACON.

Here, on the fleeces of the lambkin, ſpread
Softer than ſleep, thy eaſy ſteps ſhall tread!
But for thy goatſkins laid on yonder bank,
Not ev'n their goatherd maſter ſmells ſo rank.
Here, to the Nymphs, be mine the pleaſing toil
To crown one bowl of milk, and one of oil.

COMATES.

No—come with me—for here the fern ſhall meet,
With the horn'd poppy's tender flower, thy feet;
While my kid-carpet's ſofter far than thine,
Of milk I'll crown eight goblets, for the ſhrine
Of PAN; and heap'd delicious to the brim,
In eight ſtraw hives ſhall combs of honey ſwim.

LACON.

Then to thy oaken-umbrage let's away—
But who ſhall judge the merits of our lay?
I wiſh LYCOPAS with his herds were near;
He, ſure, would liſten with impartial ear.

COMATES.

No need: thy maſter's woodman, if thou will,
Who cleaves the billets on yon' foreſt-hill,
Will judge.

LACON.

Agreed—

COMATES.

Then call him—

LACON.

Hither, friend!
The umpire of our rural ſongs, attend.
But hear, good MORSON, let no favor guide,
And lean not partial on COMATES' ſide.

COMATES.

Yes—by the NYMPHS, be ſure determine true—
Nor give that LACON more than LACON's due.
Of SYBARIS, I tend EUMARAS' goats—
He drives SYBARTAS' ſheep from *Thurian* cotes.

LACON.

By JOVE, the fellow hath a flippant tongue;
Who aſk'ſt thee, pray, to whom theſe flocks belong?

COMATES.

Heark'e—I do not vainly boaſt, forſooth;
Nor rail, but tell each tittle of the truth.

LACON.

Come ſing then (if thou canſt) contentious clown!
Let but thy umpire reach alive the town.

COMATES.

The NINE, to whom two kids in ſacrifice
I gave, my ditties above DAPHNIS' prize.

LACON.

Lov'd by APOLLO, who my flores increas'd,
A goodly ram I fatten for the feaſt.

COMATES.

My goats with twins I milk: a tittering maid
Paſs'd by; and 'Ah! doſt milk, thyſelf?' ſhe ſaid.

LACON.

Pheugh! Twenty vats with cheeſe can LACON fill!
And taſte, on flowers, ſoft pleaſures at his will.

COMATES.

Oft CLEARISTA pelts with apples criſp
Her ſwain; and, in a whiſper, loves to liſp.

LACON.

Oh how I tremble as I meet my fair!
While o'er her boſom ſtreams her wanton hair.

COMATES.

But who compares the ſweet-briar's meaner buſh,
Or the light paſs-flower, with the roſe's bluſh?

LACON.

Who ſays, the oak's rough acorn ever grew
Bright as the gloſſy cheſnut's honey'd hue?

COMATES.

I have a gentle ringdove for my fair,
In yonder juniper: her neſt is there!

LACON.

For a ſoft raiment I'll preſent my dear
A violet-colour'd fleece when next I ſhear.

COMATES.

Off from the wildling olive, goats! here browſe,
Where ſpreads the tamariſk, o'er the ſlope, its boughs.

LACON.

Ho—*Conarus*—*Cymætha*—from the ſhade
Of that dim oak; and crop this eaſtern glade.

COMATES.

For her, whoſe love inſpires my tuneful tale,
I have a rich-wrought bowl, and cypreſs-pail.

LACON.

For my ſweet ſhepherdeſs a dog I keep—
To guard from prowling wolves her friſky ſheep.

COMATES.

Ye crouding locuſts! from my vineyard hence—
Touch not theſe nurſling ſhoots—nor paſs the fence.

LACON.

Cicadas! ſee the goatherd's ill at eaſe;
The reapers thus, with ſhrill-ton'd voice, ye teaze!

COMATES.

I hate the bruſh-tail foxes, that eſcape
From MICON's vineyard, ſtealing many a grape.

LACON.

And I the wheeling beetles, that ſcarce leave
PHILONDA's luſcious figs, to drone at eve.

COMATES.

Do'ſt recollect, when gnaſhing at each ſtroke,
I laſh'd, and made thee cling to yonder oak?

LACON.

No—but remember, when I ſaw thee bound
To that ſame tree, and anguiſh'd ſtamp the ground.

COMATES.

See—ſee—the wincing ape what choler fills—
Go, fool—and from the grey tomb pluck the ſquills.

LACON.

Hah! but a ſmarter ſting can ſome one feel—
To HALES, fool; and dig my Lady's ſeal.

COMATES.

Be HIMERA milk; and roſy CRATHIS bluſh
All wine—with fruit on every bending ruſh!

LACON.

Be SYBARIS honey; and our girl, with urn
Dipt into luſcious ſweets, at dawn, return!

COMATES.

My goats eat cytiſus; o'er lentiſk tread,
And ſtrawberries compoſe their ſhrubby bed!

LACON.

My ſheep ſtray ſportive, where the thyme-flower blows—
And ivy flaunts, the rival of the roſe!

COMATES.

Lovely no more ALCIPPE's form appears—
She kiſs'd not for my dove, or preſs'd my ears.

LACON.

But I my ſweetheart love! the wink ſhe tips—
Sighs for a kiſs—and ſweetly pouts her lips.

COMATES.

But ſtop thy wretched pipe, vexatious ſwain,
Nor idly rival a ſuperior ſtrain:
Thus with the ſtately ſwan might lapwings vie—
Or with the nightingale the ſcreaming pie.

MORSON.

Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe: COMATES wins the prize—
Nor thou forget me at thy ſacrifice!—

COMATES.

No—by the ſylvan PAN!—Hark! hark! my boy!
How my whole flock of goats ſnorts wild for joy!
With leaps of tranſport how they friſk around!
I too could reach the immortals at a bound!

Ah! fooliſh ſhepherd! all thy boaſt's a flam!
Go hang thee, LACON! I have won the lamb!
But ye, my goats! my kids, in triumph run!
Come, my horn'd flock! To-morrow as the ſun
O'er SYBARIS ſhall aſcend, with ſlanting beams,
I'll waſh you in the fount's tranſlucent ſtreams.
Ho! ruttiſh goat! thy wanton gambols ſtay,
Ere to the NYMPHS my votive rites I pay:
Still gameſome? Thou ſhalt ſmart then, I'll be ſworn,
Or, like MELANTHIUS, may my limbs be torn!

IDYLLIUM THE SIXTH.

THE HERDSMEN.

DAMÆTAS AND DAPHNIS.

Addreſſed to ARATUS.

LATE, herdſman DAPHNIS and DAMÆTAS fed
Their herds, ARATUS, to one paſture led.
Ruddy DAMÆTAS' beard, while ſprinkled thin
Scarce grew the down on DAPHNIS' tender chin!
Beſide a brook they ſung at ſummer noon;
The herdſman challeng'd, and thus pip'd his tune:

DAPHNIS.

'With apples GALATEA pelts thy flocks,
And thee, rude POLYPHEME, gay tittering, mocks!

'Sweet as thou pip'ſt, ſhe calls thee goatherd-churl;
'And yet thou doſt not ſee the ſkittiſh girl,
'Still piping on, more ſenſeleſs than a log—
'There—there—the little wanton pelts thy dog!
'He, on the lucid wave, his form ſurveys;
'And, on the beach, his dancing ſhadow bays!
'Call—call him, leſt he ruſh upon the fair;
'Leſt her emerging limbs the rover tear!
'Yet lo! the frolic maiden ſports at eaſe,
'Light as the down that floats upon the breeze,
'When ſummer dries the thiſtle's ſilver hair,
'Its ſoftneſs melting into azure air!—
'Her lover, led by ſtrange caprice, ſhe flies;
'And views her ſcorner with complacent eyes!
"The King's in check!" 'Sure, *Cyclops*, oft we prove,
'That faults are beauties, when ſurvey'd by love.'
Thus DAPHNIS ſung: DAMÆTAS thus began:

DAMÆTAS.

'I ſaw her pelt my flock, I ſwear by PAN!
'By this one eye! this precious eye, I ſaw—
'Heaven guard it till my life's laſt breath I draw!

'Still may I keep it in the Prophet's ſpite—
'And on his houſe the dire prediction light!
'But, as in careleſs mood the girl I vex—
'And hint—I love ſome other of the ſex!
'She hears—ſhe pines—and jealous, from the waves
'Springs forth; looks round, in fury, on my caves;
'And, wildly-roving, every ſheep-cote marks,
'Whilſt at her heels my dog obedient barks.
'For when I lov'd, he fawn'd and gently whin'd,
'And ſoftly on her knees his head reclin'd.
'Thus while diſſembled love its cunning tries,
'She'll ſend me, ſure, ſome tidings of her ſighs.
'And yet, unleſs an oath the ſea-jilt take
'To preſs with me the bed herſelf ſhall make,
'Far from her caverns, on this firſt of iſles;
'I'll bar my doors, nor heed her wanton wiles.
Nor is my perſon ſo deform'd and rude—
'On the ſmooth ocean, late, my face I view'd—
'Fair ſeem'd my ſingle eye, and fair my beard:
'Whiter than *Parian* ſtone, my teeth appear'd.

'Leſt faſcination my repoſe diſturb,
'Thrice on my breaſt I ſpat—its power to curb;—
'I learnt this virtue from a ſorcereſs' tongue—
'The hag who to HIPPOCOON's reapers ſung.'

Ceaſing, he kiſs'd the boy—and, for a flute,
Strait gave a pipe—his lovely lip to ſuit!
Young DAPHNIS pip'd—his flute DAMÆTAS play'd—
Both match'd alike, the unyielding ſtrain eſſay'd;
Whilſt o'er the graſs, their heifers danc'd for joy,
Charm'd by DAMÆTAS and the herdſman boy.

IDYLLIUM THE SEVENTH.

THE HARVEST-FEAST,

OR

THE VERNAL VOYAGE.

'TWAS at the time when reigns the rural joke,
That EUCRITUS and I, from city-ſmoke,
(Join'd by our friend AMYNTAS) pac'd our way
To the freſh fields that green round HALYS lay.
There LYCOPS' ſons their harveſt-offerings paid,
And the rich honors of the feaſt diſplay'd—
Great LYCOPS' generous ſons—if any good
Flow down, tranſmitted with illuſtrious blood!
From CLYTIA's and from CHALCON's line they came,
Ev'n CHALCON ſhining in the rolls of fame;

From whoſe ſtrong knee impreſt upon the rock,
In ſudden ſprings the *Burine* fountain broke!
Elms, riſing round, in various verdure glow'd!
And the dim poplars' quivering foliage flow'd!

Scarce half the journey meaſur'd, (ere our eyes
Could ſee the tomb of BRASYLAS ariſe,)
Glad we o'ertook young LYCIDAS of CRETE,
Whoſe Muſe could warble many a ditty ſweet!
His ruſtic trade might eaſily be ſeen,
For all could read the goatherd in his mien.
A goat's white ſkin that ſmelt as newly flay'd,
His ſhoulders looſely with its ſhag array'd:
His wide-wove girdle brac'd around his breaſt
A cloak, whoſe tatter'd ſhreds its age confeſt!
His right-hand held a rough wild olive-crook,
And as we join'd, he caſt a leering look
From his arch hazle-eye—while laughter hung
Upon his lips, and pleaſure mov'd his tongue:
'Where—where my friend SIMICHIDAS ſo faſt—
'Ere now the heats of ſultry noon are paſt?

'While ſleeping in each hedge the lizard lies,
'And not a creſted lark ſwims o'er the ſkies?
'Hah! thou art trudging for ſome dainty bit;
'Or tread'ſt, beſure, the wine-preſs for a cit!
'Struck by thy hurrying clogs, the pebbles leap!
'And, I'll be ſworn, they ring at every ſtep!'

'Well met, dear LYCIDAS, (I ſtrait replied)
'No ſhepherd-ſwain, or reaper, e'er outvied
'The muſic of thy pipe, as ſtories tell;—
'I'm glad on't—Yet, I hope, I pipe as well!
'Invited by our liberal friends, we go
'Where the rich firſt-fruits of the harveſt flow
'To bleſs the fair-veil'd Goddeſs, who with ſtores
'Of ripen'd corn high-heap'd their groaning floors.
'But let us carol the bucolic lay,
'Since ours one common ſun, one common way:
'Alternate tranſport may our ſongs infuſe—
'The "honey'd mouth"—all name me—of the Muſe!
'All praiſe, in rapture, my poetic worth!
'But I'm incredulous, I ſwear by earth!

' I rival (conſcious of my humbler ſtrain)
' PHILETAS or SICELIDAS, in vain!
' And though my melodies may ſoothe a friend,
' A croaking frog with locuſts, I contend!'

Thus I with art—But ſmiling arch, the youth
Exclaim'd, ' Thou art a ſprig of JOVE, in truth!
' And need'ſt not, ſure, from juſt applauſes ſhrink—
' This crook be thine, to witneſs what I think.
' I ſcorn the builder, as of mean account,
' Whoſe lofty fabric would o'ertop the mount
' Of proud OROMEDON! Thus idly vie
' The muſe-cocks, who the *Chian* bird defy.
' But let's begin, ſince time is on the wing;
' And each, in turn, ſome ſweet bucolic ſing!
' I'll chaunt (your ear with pleaſure may they fill)
' The ſtrains I lately labour'd, on the hill.

" O may the ſhip that wafts my DAPHNE, glide
" To *Mitylene*, o'er a favouring tide!

" Though ſouthern winds their watery pinions ſpread,
" And ſtern ORION broods o'er OCEAN's bed.
" So may her ſmile a lenient med'cine prove,
" To cool the fever of conſuming love!
" And may the bleak ſouth-eaſt no longer rave,
" But gentle *Halcyons* ſmooth the ripling wave!
" Sweet *Halcyons*, lov'd by all the *Nereid* train
" Above each bird that ſkims, for food, the main.
" O may my fair-one reach the quiet bay;
" And every bleſſing ſpeed her deſtin'd way!
" Then with white vi'lets ſhall my brows be crown'd—
" With aniſe-wreaths, or roſy garlands bound!
" Then, at my hearth, the *Ptelean* bowl be quaff'd—
" And the parch'd bean add flavor to the draught!
" Then, as my elbows high my couch ſhall ſwell,
" Of parſley form'd, and golden aſphodel;
" Then to my DAPHNE's health I'll drink, at eaſe,
" The ſparkling juice, and drain it to the lees!
" Whilſt with their pipes two ſwains delight my ear;
" And TITYRUS ſweetly ſings, reclining near—

" How herdſman DAPHNIS lov'd the frowning maid;
" And, with vain ſighs, o'er many a mountain ſtray'd:
" How the rough oaks, where *Himera*'s waters flow,
" Told to the paſſing ſtream, his tale of woe.
" For as on *Caucaſus*, or *Atho*'s brow,
" Or *Rhodope*'s, he breath'd the fruitleſs vow—
" Or *Hæmus*' hill; he ſunk, through love, away,
" Like ſnows diſſolving in the ſolar ray.
" Next ſhall he ſing—how tyranny oppreſt
" The goatherd, priſon'd in his ample cheſt!
" And how the bees from flowery meadows bore
" Their balms, and fed him with the luſcious ſtore!
" For on his lips the favor of the Muſe
" Diſtill'd the nectar of her ſweeteſt dews!
" To thee, COMATES, though confin'd ſo faſt,
" Sure, with quick pace, the vernal ſeaſon paſt!
" Happy, amid thy priſon, all day long,
" While honey dropp'd delicious on thy tongue!
" O hadſt thou liv'd with us, a brother ſwain,
" How oft my charmed ears had caught thy ſtrain!

" Thy goats upon the mountains had I fed,
" Or o'er the tufted vales, with pleaſure led!
" Then had thy voice its ſweeteſt powers diſplay'd,
" Beneath the embowering oak, or pine-tree ſhade."

He ceas'd—and thus alternate I replied:
' Sweet LYCIDAS, of goatherd-youths the pride!
' What time I drove my herds, the hills along,
' The charming WOOD-NYMPHS taught me many a ſong:
' Then hear (ſince thou haſt gain'd the Muſe's love)
' Strains, whoſe high fame hath reach'd the throne of JOVE!
' Then hear the choiceſt of the lays I know—
' In honour of thy name the numbers flow.

" On me the CUPIDS ſneez'd, who MYRTA love
" As kids the verdure of the vernal grove!
" With the ſame fires my dear ARATUS glows;
" And this full well the ſoft ARISTIS knows—
" ARISTIS, who can PHŒBUS' ſelf inſpire,
" In ſweet accordance, ev'n with PHŒBUS' lyre!

" O PAN, for whom fair OMOLE diſplays
" Its green abodes, attend ARATUS' lays!
" O bid her fly uncall'd into his arms,
" Whether dear MYRTA, or PHILINA charms!
" So may no more *Arcadian* youths deface
" With ſcaly ſquills thy form, though vain the chace!
" But if thou ſmile not on the lover's cauſe,
" Be ſtung by nettles—torn by harpy-claws;
" Freeze, in mid winter, near the torpid pole,
" On EDON, where the ſtreams of HEBRUS roll;
" And as an *Æthiop* burn, while ſummer glows,
" Where the hot *Blemyan* rocks o'er NILUS cloſe.
" Ye loves, whoſe cheeks the apple's bloom outvie—
" Come—from your BYBLIS' favourite murmurs fly!
" Leave—leave the waves of HYETIS; and bleſs
" The yellow-hair'd DIONE's ſweet receſs!
" Shoot, with unerring aim, the tinctur'd dart;
" And pierce PHILINA's yet unwounded heart!
" But—' as the melting pear'—(the rival maids
" Exclaim)—' PHILINA's mellow beauty fades!'

" Then, dear ARATUS! let us watch no more,
" Nor wear, with nightly toil, the bolted door!
" Some other, as the morn begins to peep,
" May the cock's clarion give to broken ſleep!
" His limbs in liſtleſs languor may he ſtretch,
" And ſo we reſt, a halter end the wretch!
" Ours be repoſe—and ſome enchantreſs wait,
" To ward, far off, each evil from our gate."

I ſung, and (as preſenting me his crook
He ſmil'd) the hoſpitable token took!
Then, parting, to the left, for PYXA's towers
He turn'd; while we to PHRASIDAMUS' bowers
Slop'd o'er the right-hand path our ſpeedy way,
And hail'd the pleaſures of the feſtal day.
There, in kind courteſy, our hoſt had ſpread
Of vine and lentiſk the refreſhing bed!
Their breezy coolneſs elms and poplars gave,
And rills their murmur, from the NAÏDS cave!

Cicadas now retiring from the ſun,
Amid the ſhady ſhrubs, their ſong begun.
From the thick copſe we heard, far off, and lone,
The mellow'd ſhrillneſs of the woodlark's tone!
Warbled the linnet and the finch more near,
And the ſoft-ſighing turtle ſooth'd the ear!
The yellow bees humm'd ſweetly in the ſhade,
And round the fountain's flowery margin play'd:
All ſummer's redolence effus'd delight!
All autumn, in luxuriant fruitage bright—
The pears, the thick-ſtrown apples' vermeil glow,
And bending plums, that kiſs'd the turf below!
Our wines four years had mellow'd in the caſk—
And could ALCIDES boaſt ſo rich a flaſk,
(Say Nymphs of CASTALY) when CHIRON gave
The generous juice, in PHOLUS' ſtony cave?
Or did ſuch nectar, at ANAPUS' ſtream,
Rouſe to the dance the *Cyclops* POLYPHEME,
(Who hurls the mountain-rocks acroſs the brine)
As, Nymphs, ye mix'd at CERES' glowing ſhrine?

Oh! may I fix the purging-fan, again,
(Delightful taſk!) amid her heaps of grain;
And, in each hand, the laughing Goddeſs hold
The poppy's vivid red--the ears of gold!

IDYLLIUM THE EIGHTH.

THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, GOATHERD.

Addreſſed to DIOPHANTUS.

ONCE, DIOPHANTUS, up the breezy grove
His lowing herds the bonny DAPHNIS drove,
To meet MENALCAS, with his charge of ſheep,
'Mid the dark umbrage of the mountain-ſteep.
Both, in the bloom of beardleſs manhood young,
Or breath'd the *Dorian* reed, or ſweetly ſung;
While, ſtarting from their lovely foreheads, glow'd
Their flamy locks, or down their ſhoulders flow'd.
Then ſilence, firſt, the blithe MENALCAS broke,
And deftly ſmil'd on DAPHNIS as he ſpoke.

MENALCAS.

'Come, herdſman! keeper of the bellowing kine!
'Say, will thy ruſtic reed contend with mine?
'Yet ſhall, at laſt, thy tuneful ditty fail!
'Behold the ſweeteſt piper of the dale!'
Fair DAPHNIS cried:

DAPHNIS.

'Thou poor ſheep-tending ſwain,
'Sing till thou burſt, thy numbers will be vain!

MENALCAS.

'But ſhall we try?

DAPHNIS.

With all my ſoul!

MENALCAS.

Agreed!
'Say, what ſhall we depoſit, as the meed
'Our ſkill deſerves?

DAPHNIS.

If thou wilt ſtake a lamb,
'(Full-grown I mean, and equal to its dam,)
'I ſtake a calf.

MENALCAS.

A lamb I cannot lay;

‘ For, oft as duſky evening dims the day,

‘ The ſtricteſt watch my peeviſh parents keep,

‘ And count, with jealous eye, my flocks of ſheep.

DAPHNIS.

‘ What's then the prize?—

MENALCAS.

A ſweet-ton'd pipe, my friend,

‘ Of nine ſmooth reeds, o'erlaid at either end

‘ With whiteſt wax: this fair depoſit take:

‘ (But ought my father claims I dare not ſtake)

‘ Form'd freſhly by theſe hands, the pipe's my own—

DAPHNIS.

‘ And I too have a pipe of equal tone;

‘ Its nine ſweet voices all compacted tight

‘ With the ſoft cement of a wax as white:

‘ 'Tis juſt as new; ev'n now my finger bleeds,

‘ Splinter'd while, framing it, I ſlit the reeds.

‘ But who's the umpire of our rival lays?

MENALCAS.

'Yon' *Goatherd*, whom that ſnowy ſheep-dog bays,
'Perchance to judge our numbers, nought forbids;
'Suppoſe we call him from his wanton kids?

The *Goatherd* not unwilling to decide,
As, in alternate ſongs, the rivals vied;
They haſten'd with contending pipes to play:
And firſt MENALCAS breath'd the rural lay.

MENALCAS.

'Ye vales, ye ſtreams, heaven's progeny belov'd!
'If pleaſure e'er MENALCAS' carols mov'd;
'Feed—feed my lambs! If hither DAPHNIS' kine
'Repair, O paſture his, no leſs than mine.'

DAPHNIS.

'Ye herbs, ye fountains, that enrich the dale,
'If DAPHNIS ever match'd the nightingale,
'Fatten theſe herds! If ought MENALCAS lead
'To paſturage, his be every fruitful mead.'

MENALCAS.

'Strait, if my fair approach, the ſpring appears,
'And all the brightening ſcene new beauty wears!
'The fattening lambs amid luxuriance bleat,
'And milk more richly flows from every teat!
'But, in her abſence, ſee the paſture-ſcene—
'A pining ſhepherd, and a faded green!'

DAPHNIS.

'There ewes and goats, with twins, o'erſpread the hill,
'There bees their hives with fragrant honey fill—
'There the tall oaks expand a wider ſhade
'Where MILO treads! But, ſudden, from the glade,
'Quick as he goes, delight and plenty fly!
'The herdſman withers, and his cows are dry!'

MENALCAS.

'O Goat, the huſband of the ſnowy flock!
'Ye kids, wild hanging from the rifted rock,
'Haſte, where yon' wood its gloom romantic flings,
'And with its depth of foliage hides the ſprings!

'There ſcreen'd he lies! Go, murmur at his ſhed,
'That PROTEUS, though a god, his ſea-calves fed.'

DAPHNIS.

'I wiſh not to outſtrip the winds, or hold
'PELOPS' vaſt realms, or brood o'er CRŒSUS' gold!
'Be mine to triumph in the *Dorian* lay;
'Beneath that rock to ſhun the glare of day;
'Enjoy, with thee, my girl! the breezy ſea,
'And view the paſtur'd ſheep—yet claſping thee!

MENALCAS.

'Nets are the terror of the feather'd brood;
'And ſnares entrap the beaſts that range the wood!
'The ſtorm uproots the beeches of the hills;
'And the red ſunbeam dries the ſhrinking rills!
'While man, alas! no direr evil proves
'Than frowns, ſo killing, from the maid he loves!
'Indeed—not I alone of love complain;
'Ev'n thou, O father JOVE, haſt felt the pain!'

Thus then the boys the alternate ditty play;
And thus MENALCAS tunes his cloſing lay:

MENALCAS.

'Spare, wolf! O ſpare me—nor my kidlings eat—
'Becauſe I'm little, and my flocks are great.
'Hah *Brightfoot!* How, my dog! So faſt aſleep?
'Here truſting to a boy ſuch numerous ſheep?
'But feed, dear flock, and fearleſs crop your food:
'Feed on—'twill quickly ſpring, and be renew'd.
'Then come with ſwelling udders from the vales,
'Suckle your bleating lambs, and fill the pails.'

Next DAPHNIS ſung.

DAPHNIS.

'As, yeſter-morn, I drove
'My lowing heifers through the tangled grove,
'(Her arched eye-brows join'd) a lovely maid
'Stood peeping from a cave, and ſportive ſaid:
"Sure, he's a pretty youth!" 'With downcaſt eye
'I went my way, nor ought could I reply.
'Sweet is the breath of cows—the breath of ſteers—
'Sweet too the bullock's voice the herdſman hears!

'And, in the dewy vale, at evening-close,
'Sweet the hill-echoes, when the heifer lows!
'But sweet, at noon, the shade embowering deep,
'Lull'd by the murmur of a stream, to sleep.
'Smooth acorns crown their oaks; and fruits of gold
'Fair on the branching pippin, we behold!
'Sleek calves their mothers grace; and udder'd cows,
'The glory of the watchful neatherd, browse.'

Thus sung the boys: And eager to decide,
With honest energy the Goatherd cried:

GOATHERD.

'How charm'd, the music of thy voice I hear—
'That melts, my swain, far sweeter on the ear,
'Than honey-drops distil upon the tongue—
'Take—take the pipes!—To thee the pipes belong!
'O! if thou wilt but teach me such a lay—
'While merrily my kidlings round me play;
'That goat be thine, with mutilated horn—
'She fills a brimming bucket every morn.'

Strait DAPHNIS danc'd, with pleaſure's heartfelt glow,
As the light fawn ſkips nimbly by the doe—
Shouting—while nought could ſad MENALCAS ſay,
But went, deep-ſighing as a bride, his way.
Thus DAPHNIS ſhone; and bright in youthful charms—
Erelong the lovely NAÏS bleſt his arms.

IDYLLIUM THE NINTH.

THE SHEPHERD.

DAPHNIS *and* MENALCAS.

DAPHNIS, begin—begin thy ruſtic note!
And next, MENALCAS, breathe thy *Dorian* oat!
Though firſt ye bid, beneath theſe leafy boughs,
The heifers join their bulls—the calves, their cows.
While, 'midſt the herd, along the copſe they ſtray,
DAPHNIS, begin the blithe bucolic lay;
And, rival ſhepherd, in reſponſive ſtrains,
Awake the ſleeping echoes of the plains!

DAPHNIS.

'Sweet lows the ſteer! and ſweet the heifer lows!
'Sweet is the reed! and ſweet the herdſman blows

'His vocal pipe! and ſweet I ſing! My bed
'Beſide the cooling waters have I ſpread!
'And the ſmooth ſkins of milk-white heifers form
'Its ſoft repoſe! Alas—the ſouthern ſtorm
'Down yonder ſhrubby ſteep thoſe heifers flung—
'Yon' mount where, cropping arbutus, they hung!
'There ſultry ſummer I regard no more
'Than dreaming lovers heed their father's lore.'

Thus DAPHNIS ſings:—MENALCAS thus replies:

MENALCAS.

'ÆTNA's my mother; and my dwelling lies
'A fair-ſcoop'd grotto, 'midſt her living rocks;
'While in the mountain-ſhadow browſe my flocks—
'Full many a bleating ſheep, and many a goat—
'Not ſcenes ſo rich in airy ſlumbers float!
'To them I owe the ſoftneſs of my bed!
'Skins at my feet, and fleeces at my head.

'For freezing winter I have ſtores of wood—
'Dry beech and oak that blaze to dreſs my food!
'Thus I regard, as toothleſs fellows hold
'Hard nuts when pulſe is near, the wintry cold.'

I gave them both applauſe—and both, their due:
To DAPHNIS a ſtrong ſhapely club, that grew
Amid my father's woods, a ſingle plant—
So fair—ev'n artiſts might its beauty grant.
The ſhepherd-ſwain a fine-wreath'd conch I gave,
Brought from the murmur of the *Icarian* wave—
Whoſe fleſh—(I found it on the rocks alive)
Luxurious dainty! was a feaſt for five.
O'erjoy'd he ſtruck the ſhell:

MENALCAS.

'Ye powers of ſong!
'Inſpire—(nor do I fear a bliſter'd tongue)
'Inſpire me, rural Muſes, with the ſtrains
'I deftly carol'd to the wondering ſwains:

" Hawks mix with hawks, and ants with ants agree;
" Cicadas with their own—the Muſe with me.
" O that ſhe fill'd my ſoft melodious hours!
" For neither to the honey-bee the flowers
" So ſweet—or eaſy ſleep, and early ſpring,
" That balms ſo ſoothing to the labourer bring—
" Charm like the Muſe! And they, on whom ſhe ſmiles,
" May brave ev'n CIRCE's cup—ev'n CIRCE's wiles."

IDYLLIUM THE TENTH.

THE REAPERS.

MILO AND BATTUS.

MILO.

WHAT ails thee, BATTUS, that thou reap'ſt awry,
And, flinching, let'ſt thy neighbour paſs thee by?
How, through hot noon, till evening, wilt thou reap,
Thus early lagging like a wounded ſheep?

BATTUS.

Thy drudgeries noon and night, be thine to brag:
But tell me, fragment of the flinty crag!
Did never in thy heart a kindneſs lurk,
That, for a moment's pauſe, delay'd thy work?

MILO.

No—No—ſuch thoughts ſhould ne'er the labourer haunt;
Thy ſilly dream of idleneſs avaunt!

BATTUS.

But, MILO, didſt thou never watch for love?

MILO.

Not I!—Love's watchings may I never prove.
His tongue in lambkin's blood if *Rover* ſteep,
Rover will ever feel a thirſt for ſheep.

BATTUS.

Ah, MILO! I have lov'd ten days and more!

MILO.

Enjoy it, friend; I envy not the ſtore!
Of meagre vinegar I've ſcarce a flaſk!
Thou, rich in wine, canſt pierce the purple caſk!

BATTUS.

Ah! hence it is my fallows are unſown.

MILO.

But who's the cruel nymph?

BATTUS.

To thee I own,

Old POLYBUTAS' girl, whoſe madrigal

So ſeiz'd our reapers' ears, and charm'd them all.

MILO.

Faith, thou art rightly ſerv'd! a luſcious bite!

Go, claſp her! Hug thy little chirping fright.

BATTUS.

Hah! mouthing it ſo big! Thou need'ſt not flout!

CUPID's as well as PLUTUS' eyes are out.

MILO.

I mouth it—no—but throw thy ſickle by—

Come—come—cheer up! Some amorous ditty try.

Deftly thy tale of ſweet BOMBYCE tell!

For once, if well I ween, few ſung ſo well!

BATTUS.

Piërian MUSES! be my nymph your care!

My ſlender nymph! for all ye touch are fair!

Sweet girl! So ſunburnt and ſo thin, 'tis ſaid,

Yet, in my eyes, a honey-colour'd maid!

The letter'd hyacinth and vi'let brown
Are the firſt flowers that grace the rural crown!
Kids follow thyme, and wolves ſoft kids, the crane
Purſues the plough—and thee, thy faithful ſwain!
O that the wealth of CRŒSUS were but mine,
Then would we ſtand, at VENUS' ſacred ſhrine,
Two richly ſculptur'd images of gold;
While thy dear hand a roſe or lute ſhould hold,
Or vermeil apple, and thy ſwain be dreſt,
New-ſandal'd, in a dancer's gaudy veſt.
Delightful girl! How beauteous are thy feet!
And oh! the muſic of thy voice how ſweet!
How ſmooth thy ankles, with ſo ſoft a ſwell!
But for thy manners—no rude ſong can tell!

MILO.

Hah! we miſtook his talents! What a ſtrain!
He hath not meaſur'd harmony in vain!
Hah! no more wiſdom? Yet ſo wiſe a beard!
But haſt thou LYTIERSES' numbers heard?

'Prolific CERES, bleſs our fruitful ſoil,
'Ripen the redd'ning ear, and crown our toil.
'Bind—bind your ſheaves; leſt travellers ſcoffing ſay,
"Such wooden fellows ill deſerve their pay."
'Rear to the north or weſt, ye reaping-train,
'Your ſhocks; ſo gales ſalubrious ſwell the grain.
'Sleep not at noon, ye threſhers; from the corn
'When in briſk eddies the light chaff is borne.
'Riſe, reapers, with the lark, (yet ſeek the ſhed
'At noon) and with the lark retire to bed.
'Sweet is the life of frogs: They never thirſt,
'For they may drink, my ſtriplings, till they burſt.
'Boil, Pinch-penny, the lentils whole, nor ſtint
'Your ſlaves; you'd ſlit a bean, or flay a flint.'

Thus ſhould the reapers carol toil away;
Thus paſs, with uſeful ſongs, the ſultry day.
But go—ſuch love-ſick lays as fill thy head—
Such dreams may ſuit thy mother's ears in bed!

IDYLLIUM THE ELEVENTH.

THE CYCLOPS.

Addreſſed to NICIAS.

NICIAS, how vain the labour, to remove,
By drugs or healing herbs, the fire of love!
'Tis for the MUSE alone, though rare her art,
To quench, in lenient balms, the burning dart!
Dear to the MUSE, 'tis thine full well to know,
We boaſt no ſweeter remedy below!

'Twas thus fam'd POLYPHEME, in elder days,
Charm'd all his ſoul to reſt, with ſoothing lays—
When GALATEA firſt inſpir'd the vows
Of love—and youth ſprung vivid on his brows!

Yet, tho' the ruſtic ſwains their paſſion breathe
O'er braided treſſes, or the roſy wreath;
With no ſuch gifts of calm delight he lov'd—
But his whole madd'ning breaſt the furies mov'd.
Oft, as he wander'd on the ſedgy ſhore,
(Love all his care—his flocks review'd no more)
From graſs-green meads his ſheep were wont to roam—
Or ſeek their cotes alone, returning home.

Meantime, his GALATEA, all day long
The burthen of his ſweet-repeated ſong,
He pin'd, with love's keen arrow at his heart,
Yet found a med'cine for the venom'd dart;
While from a rock that o'er the billows hung,
Wiſhful he view'd the waſte, and ſighing ſung:

'O ſoft as lambkins, than the curd more white,
'And as the vine's unripen'd fruitage bright—
'O wanton as the calf, my ſnowy Maid,
'Why thus with ſcorn are all my vows repaid?

'For though, in ſleep, I ſee thy form ſo fair,
'I wake, and all the viſion melts in air!
'Ah then thy beauties vaniſh from my eyes!
'Thus from the hoary wolf the lambkin flies.
'Then firſt I lov'd, (and drank of love my fill)
'When, wandering round the hyacinthine hill,
'Fair Nymph! thy guardian mother by thy ſide,
'I led thee to its flowers, a willing guide.
'Ah from that hapleſs period have I pin'd,
'Nor felt one pauſe of quiet in my mind:
'And yet, proud Maid! my pangs no pity move!
'Nor gain from thee a moment's ſigh, by JOVE!
'Indeed I gueſs the cauſe of all thy pride—
'My eye-brow ſtretch'd ſo ſhaggy and ſo wide!
'One ſocket only, where my large eye glows!
'And o'er my blubber lips ſuch prominence of noſe.
'Yet, though I'm ſuch, I feed a thouſand ſheep!
'Milk the rich ſtream, and drink its beverage deep!
'And from the fatneſs of the o'erflowing pails,
'Curdle the ſofteſt cheeſe that never fails!

'Still, if the genial ſpring my meads hath bleſt,
'My plenteous curd lies ready to be preſt!
'Still, if the ſummer ſcorch, the winter freeze,
'My ſhelves are loaded with abundant cheeſe.
'No *Cyclops*, here, outvies my vocal pipe,
'Chaunting thy charms ſo luſcious and ſo ripe!
'Yes! Apple of Delight! I ſing with glee,
'Oft, at the midnight hour, myſelf and thee!
'For thee ten does, all mark'd with moons, I rear;
'And four fine cubs—I plunder'd from a bear!
'Come then—nor heed the daſhing of the wave,
'Repoſe, each night, more ſweetly in my cave!
'Come Nymph! and I will give thee nothing leſs
'Than thy own grotto yields thee, to poſſeſs!
'There, ivy round my bays and cypreſs twines!
'There, grapes delicious load my bluſhing vines.
'There, from deep-ſhaded ÆTNA's melting ſnows,
'The cooling ſpring's ambroſial beverage flows.
'And who, my fair-one, would prefer to theſe
'The dull, drear proſpect of a waſte of ſeas?

‘ But if my beard—my eye-brows be too rough,
‘ I've oaken billets, and I've fire enough:
‘ On the red hearth unquench'd my embers live;
‘ Then to the flame my beard—my eye-brows give.
‘ For ev'n to burn my life-blood I could bear—
‘ Or this far dearer eye, to pleaſe my fair.
‘ O had I ſprung (alas! my hapleſs doom)
‘ With fins, like fiſhes, from my mother's womb;
‘ Soon for thy waters I had left the land,
‘ Div'd down, and kiſs'd, if not thy lips—thy hand!
‘ Then had I brought thee lilies white as ſnow,
‘ And poppy-bells, with leaves that deeply glow!
‘ But yet, at once, my flowers I could not bring;
‘ For theſe in winter riſe, and thoſe in ſpring.
‘ Now—now—dear Maiden, will I learn to dive,
‘ If ſome kind ſailor at our coaſt arrive;
‘ That I may ſee what bliſs is thine below—
‘ What pleaſures I would wiſh thee to forego.
‘ Yet come, my charming GALATEA, come—
‘ Forget (as I on this lone ſpot) thy home!

'Come, leave the covert of thy native rocks!
'And milk with me, my love, and feed my flocks!
'Mix the ſharp runnet with the curdling cream,
'And from the cheeſes preſs the ſourer ſtream.

'Ah! 'tis my mother I accuſe alone—
'Who, though ſhe daily hears my waſting groan,
'Ne'er whiſper'd thee a word: But ſhe ſhall ſee
'Theſe legs—this throbbing heart—and grieve with me.
'O *Cyclops*, where is all thy vaniſh'd ſenſe?
'Go, weave thy baſkets—go—and hie thee hence,
'Where each green tree its tender twigs ſupplies
'Freſh fodder for the lambs—awake—be wiſe—
'Go—milk the firſt that offers on the plain:
'Why thus purſue the flying ſheep in vain?
'Come—let me give this fooling to the wind—
'Another girl, ſtill fairer, may be kind.

'Full many a pretty maid, at duſky eve,
'My ſmiles and jokes with frolic laugh receive;

'And hail me, as I join their ſportive band:
'Tho' ſcorn'd at ſea, I'm ſome-one on the land.'

Thus could fond POLYPHEME his paſſion calm
Through the ſweet influence of the MUSE's balm,
That gave his love ſick heart more lenient eaſe,
Than med'cines dearly bought by laviſh fees.

IDYLLIUM THE TWELFTH.

TO A FRIEND.

SAY, art thou come, now three long days are paſt,
To crown the wiſhes of my ſoul, at laſt?
Sure thou haſt felt, unleſs thy heart be cold,
That faithful lovers in one day grow old.
Far as the apple's pulp outvies the ſloe,
Or vernal meads the wintry waſtes of ſnow;
Far as the milky mothers of the plain
Bear wool more weighty than their lambs ſuſtain;
Far as the virgin, in the prime of life,
Excels the matron, three times dubb'd a wife;
Or the light fawn the calf; or nightingales
Surpaſs the rival minſtrels of the vales;

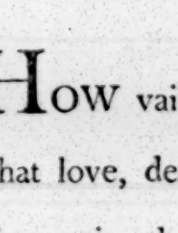
So far thy converſe cheers! To thee I run,
As travellers to the beech that ſcreens the ſun.

O that our fame of friendſhip long may live,
And to recording bards new luſtre give!
O may we, through a deathleſs being, prove
The golden joys of harmonizing love!
Then, after many an age hath roll'd away,
May ſome-one meet my ſhade, and ſweetly ſay,
'Your friendſhip blooms, the theme of every tongue,
'And prompts the ſhepherd's tune—the poet's ſong.'
Such are my prayers! May ſuch the fates diſpoſe;
While, no diſhoneſt pimple on my noſe,
I with a firm-ton'd energy maintain—
'The joy I've felt with thee, outweighs the pain.'

Ye MEGARENSIANS, who, in equal time,
The muſic of your oars ſo ſoftly chime;
Bleſt may ye flouriſh; ſince the *Athenian*'s cauſe
Gain'd, at his cloſing hour, your juſt applauſe—

Above all ſtrangers honour'd, ſince ye pay
Due rites to DIOCLES, each feſtal day.
Then ſprightly boys, when ſpring begins to bloom,
Sport, in ſoft conteſt, at their hero's tomb;
And who the ſweeteſt kiſs hath power to breathe,
Bears to his mother many a roſy wreath.
Bleſt is the man, with more than vulgar bliſs,
Whoe'er he be, that judges of the kiſs!
Fair GANYMEDE—who makes the Thunderer bow;
Whoſe lenient ſmile can ſmooth his angry brow;
His fury with a magic power command,
And ſtop his lightening in his lifted hand—
Had ſuch a lip (or fame hath often ly'd—
And fame errs ſeldom on the better ſide)
As, a true touchſtone, tried the proffer'd joy,
And the pure ore diſtinguiſh'd from alloy.

IDYLLIUM THE THIRTEENTH.



HYLAS.

Addreſſed to NICIAS.

HOW vain the opinion (argue all we can)
That love, dear NICIAS, is confin'd to man!
How vain, that beauty blooms for us alone!
Mortals, who idly deem one day our own!

With iron boſom, though the beaſt he ſlew,
The charms of melting love ALCIDES knew!
He cheriſh'd HYLAS, with his golden hair;
Felt all the fondneſs of parental care;
And taught him, as a ſire inſtructs his ſon,
By manly virtues how renown is won!

Himſelf alike the model and the guide,
He watch'd aſſiduous at his HYLAS' ſide;
Whether their courſe AURORA's white ſteeds run
From JOVE's high dome; or blaz'd the noon-day ſun;
Or the hen ſhook her wings, by twilight's gleam,
Gathering her chicken to the ſmoky beam—
That, tutor'd on inſtruction's ſteady plan,
The boy, in wiſdom's way, might riſe to man.

But when bold JASON, for the golden fleece,
Brav'd the rough billows with the ſons of GREECE,
Who, duly choſen from the cities, came,
(Princes of high hereditary name)
'Twas then, at rich IOLCOS' crouded ſtrand,
ALCMENA's toiling offspring met the band:
And HYLAS, with a filial friendſhip fraught,
Cloſe at his ſide, the firm-deck'd ARGO fought.
'Midſt CYANE's dread rocks the veſſel paſs'd
And with an eagle's ſwiftneſs cleft the waſte;

But, till the vernal breeze in ſafety curl'd
The heaving wave, her ſails in PHASIS furl'd.

Soon as the PLEIADS ſhone, and milder May
Bade the light lambs o'er ſpringing verdure play;
The flower of heroes, with a ſouthern gale,
Spread on the HELLESPONT their rapid ſail;
And through the ſmooth PROPONTIS bent their prows,
Where rich *Cyanean* fields in furrows roſe.
There landing on the beach, in pairs they ſpread,
Quick, for their evening-viands, many a bed;
Though ſome for ampler cates their couch provide
More ſpacious, where a ſhadowy mead ſupplied
Sharp ox-tongue's flowering plant, and ruſhes broad,
That on the tufted ground the chieftains ſtrow'd.
Swift HYLAS o'er the meadow runs, to bring
In brazen vaſe freſh water from the ſpring,
For HERCULES and TELAMON, who ſtor'd
(Sworn comrades at the feaſt) one common board.

Strait in the boſom of a lowly dell,
He found, beſet with plants, a ſhaded well:
On its cool marge the fringing herbage grew—
The mingling dyes of celandine ſo blue,
With verdurous parſley, maidenhair's bright green,
And vervain; while amid the watery ſcene,
NAÏDS, the dread of ev'ry ruſtic wight,
Led the gay dance, and revell'd through the night.
Young MALIS and EUNICA form'd the ring,
And ſweet NYCHEA, like the blooming ſpring.
His vaſe now dipping in the ſable lymph,
Fair HYLAS ſtruck each fond enamour'd nymph!
They ſeiz'd!——Down—down he dropp'd, as from heaven's height
Shoots glittering to the main a ſtarry light.
—'Unfurl your ſails'—(aloud the boatſwain cries)
'Speed, my brave boys! Propitious gales ariſe!'
With ſoft addreſs the nymphs ſoothe HYLAS' fears,
And lull him on their laps, and kiſs his tears.

Meantime ALCIDES, clouded o'er by grief,
Graſp'd (the dread image of a *Scythian* chief)
His long-bent bow; and, wildneſs in his look,
The club familiar to his right hand ſhook.
And thrice (the clamor rent the trembling air)
On HYLAS call'd in accents of deſpair!
From the deep waters HYLAS thrice replied—
Though near, each feeble murmur, as at diſtance, died!
Ev'n as the lion, if far off a fawn
Cry with ſad plaint along the duſky lawn,
Starts from the covert of his mountain-wood,
And ruſhes on his ready feaſt of blood;
Thus HERCULES, in dire diſorder, takes
His way through thickets and through devious brakes;
And ſtrides (how wretched is the lover's lot!)
O'er hills and dreary glens—the fleece forgot.
Now fitted for the deep the veſſel lay;
(AMPHITRYON's ſon expected with the day)
For all at night unfolded to the breeze
Her pendants ſtream'd acroſs the ſhadowy ſeas.

He, in dark frenzy, ruſh'd through ways untrod;
For Love had pierc'd his heart—a cruel god!
In vain—his HYLAS, number'd with the bleſt,
The ſtarry ſeats, in blooming youth, poſſeſt.
In vain—Immortal HYLAS heard no more—
And ARGO ſaw the quick-retiring ſhore:
Her chiefs aſperſing his unſpotted fame,
Affix *deſerter*—to ALCIDES' name;
Yet ſoon, on foot, with hero-ſoul ſublime,
He reach'd rude PHASIS' haunts, and CHOLCOS' clime.

IDYLLIUM THE FOURTEENTH.

CYNISCA's LOVE.

ÆSCHINES *and* THYONICHUS.

ÆSCHINES.

GOOD-Morrow, THYONICHUS! welcome—

THYONICHUS.

Good-morrow!

ÆSCHINES.

Well—I ſee you at laſt!

THYONICUS.

What a face, full of ſorrow!

ÆSCHINES.

Too true!

THYONICHUS.

So it ſeems, by your rough buſhy forehead,
Your viſage drawn out, and muſtachios ſo horrid!
I never, till yeſterday, ſaw ſuch another—
A beggar from ATHENS, in leanneſs your brother!
Not a ſhoe to his foot, the poor ſqualid *Pythagoriſt*,
Believe me, was alſo in love—with a bag of griſt!

ÆSCHINES.

My friend, you are jocular—I'm full of woe--
The lovely CYNISCA hath ſlighted me ſo!
Ah! nobody gueſſes what pain I endure;
I'm ſcarce a hair's-breadth from a maniac, I'm ſure.

THYONICHUS.

I know you, my friend—rough or ſmooth is your brow,
As it happens—But what hath befallen you now?

ÆSCHINES.

CLEONICUS and I, at a villa of mine,
Met the *Argive* and *Theſſalan* jockey, to dine
On a roaſt pig and couple of fowls I had kill'd—
When we heartily ate—and as heartily ſwill'd!

Alas! little thought I indeed of a ſcrape;
While fragrant and briſk was the juice of the grape,
Though bottled four years from the vintage (the favor
Of cockles and garlick enriching the flavor.)
And now with our toaſts the full bumpers were crown'd,
As the name of each miſtreſs went merrily round.
But *ſhe* not a tittle: 'Twas very diſtreſſing:
Quoth the *Jockey* aſide—'Now I'll give her a dreſſing—
'*Mute* hath met with a *Wolf*, that no word can eſcape her—
How ſhe fluſh'd! at her face you might kindle a taper!
It ſeems there's one WOLFE—very ſlender, in truth,
Though cried up as a handſome and delicate youth!
With him long ago ſhe was ſmitten, I heard;
But I let the thing lie, and ſtill cheriſh'd my beard.
In fine, we had all of us drunk, and were mellow—
When the Jockey, arch APIS, a miſchievous fellow.
Struck up, on a ſudden, a frolicſome ditty,
Of 'WOLFE who was lovely, and ſighing, and pretty!'
Like an infant ſhe ſobb'd—when in violent pique,
(You know me) I hit her a blow on the cheek!

Then, ſwelling with paſſion, I hit her another—
I ſhall never forget—'twas ſo horrid a pother!
And 'Miſchief! (ſaid I) was I right in my fears?
'Begone, nor inſult me! a curſe on thy tears!
'Begone; ſince a ſweeter thy boſom poſſeſſes;
'Go, cheriſh his love with thy wanton careſſes!'
Quick-riſing, ſhe gather'd her veſt in a knot,
And fleet, as from under the roof of a cot
The ſwallow (juſt fed her yet clamorous brood)
Skims around, for another proviſion of food;
She flew from her chair, in a frantic diſorder,
Glided over the lobby; and then through the foredoor
Glanc'd away—ſure the proverb is true to my coſt—
'The bull in the midſt of the thicket is loſt!'
Two months will to-morrow be gone, ſince I've ſeen her—
Since here I've been ſighing—'How fatal a dinner!'
And never, alas! from that terrible day, Sir,
Hath my beard (like a *Thracian*'s) felt edge of a razor!
Ever ſince hath ſhe liv'd day and night with her WOLFE,
Regardleſs of me a poor ſhade, or the gulf

Into which ſhe has plung'd me! I wiſh I could hate her,
And riſe, over head as I am—in love-water.
Like the mouſe that hath bitten the pitch I complain,
Attempting to ſwallow the morſel in vain.
THYONICHUS, what ſhall I do, to get rid
Of my paſſion? I'll do as my neighbour SIM did!
You know, though he lov'd the proud girl to diſtraction,
He enliſted—and fought away love in an action!
And I too—no daſtardly fellow I wiſt—
To fight it away, am reſolv'd to enliſt!

THYONICHUS.

I wiſh thee ſucceſs with the little wing'd god!
But, if thou'rt determin'd on warfare abroad,
King PTOLEMY, beſt of all kings, I engage, is
Full ready, my boy, to reward thee with wages.

ÆSCHINES.

Is he generous?

THYONICHUS.

He boaſts a benevolent ſpirit,
Attach'd to the freeborn, encouraging merit!

Good-nature and courteſy welcome the gueſt;
And pleaſantry adds to his dainties a zeſt:
Yet, whilſt for his friends generoſity ſhapes him,
Believe me, an enemy never eſcapes him.
He gives like a monarch, nor ever refuſes—
Beſides, he's the patron and boaſt of the Muſes!
Go therefore (thy love ſwallow'd up by ambition)
To ÆGYPT, and offer a modeſt petition!
Go arm thee, and throw the ſhort cloak o'er thy ſhoulder—
To meet the fierce phalanx ſtand bolder and bolder;
But haſten—In life there's no room for delay—
Ev'n now, my dear boy, we begin to decay!
Age ſilvers the brow, to the cheeks ſtealing on—
'Tis in vigor of youth that the battle is won!

IDYLLIUM THE FIFTEENTH.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

[*An Interlude, in three Acts.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GORGO
EUNOE
PRAXINOE
OLD WOMAN
MAN
STRANGER
GREEK SINGING-GIRL.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE, Praxinoe's Houſe, in the Suburbs of Alexandria.

GORGO, PRAXINOE, EUNOE.

GORGO.

MY dear little girl, is PRAXINOE at home?

EUNOE.

She is—but how late, Mrs. GORGO, you come!

PRAXINOE.

Indeed! I thought Madam her head would ne'er puſh in—
But, EUNOE, ſee for a chair and a cuſhion.

EUNOE.

I have——

PRAXINOE.

Pray ſit down—

GORGO.

What a terrible din!
What a pother! 'tis well I eſcap'd in whole ſkin!
What a brave heart have I! to paſs ſo many folks

That clatter'd in ſandals, and joſtled in cloaks!
And coaches—you cannot imagine the throng!
I'm quite out of breath—and the way is ſo long!

PRAXINOE.

Too true: 'Tis the fault of my plaguy old ſoul!
And here muſt we live, and put up with a hole.
What a deſart! To vex me he tries all he can;
He was ever a ſtrange unaccountable man!
He knew I could almoſt have died for the loſs
Of your chat—but my ſchemes 'tis his pleaſure to croſs.

GORGO. [*Pointing to the Child.*]

Huſh, Madam—obſerve him—how earneſt his eye—
Don't talk of your huſband, when ZOPY is by.

PRAXINOE.

I don't mean your papa, my ſweet little jewel!

GORGO.

But he underſtands—no—papa's not ſo cruel.

PRAXINOE.

This fellow then (we may diſguiſe it, you know,
And talk of the thing as if ſome time ago)

This block of a fellow once happen'd to ſtop,
To buy me ſome nitre and paint at a ſhop;
When, for nitre, he purchas'd bay-ſalt; and, for rouge,
The long-lubber gawky bought yellow gambouge.

GORGO.

Lord! mine is as bad! you could hardly have thought,
For five fleeces like dogs-hair, and dear in a groat,
That he ſquander'd away ſeven drachms! the ſweet honey!
Well might it be ſaid, he was *fleec'd* of his money!
But come, take your cloak—to ADONIS we haſte—
And faſten your robe with its claſps to your waiſt;
Our Queen is preparing a ſight ſo divine—

PRAXINOE.

Aye—all things, beſure, with fine people are fine!
But deſcribe to me theſe preparations, ſo novel
To me, who am coop'd in this lone little hovel.

GORGO.

'Tis high time to go; and we'll talk at our leiſure.

PRAXINOE.

Bring water: Come quickly, you ſlut! What a pleaſure

Theſe cats muſt enjoy on the down of a bed!
Go drive them away: But, you ſtatue of lead,
Firſt bring me the water: See—ſee how you fill!
Enough!—And how dare you ſo careleſsly ſpill
Such a flood on my gown? Well, I'm waſh'd—God be bleſt!
Here, huſſey—and give me the key of my cheſt.

GORGO.

Your robe—let me ſee—I proteſt, 'tis not clumſy:
Pray what did it coſt? Nay, it vaſtly becomes ye.

PRAXINOE.

Don't aſk me—it coſt two good pounds and a crown;
And my life I'd near into the bargain laid down.

GORGO.

No waſte of your time or your money, however.

PRAXINOE.

True, GORGO: Come bring me my ſcarf, and be clever
In putting it on—and ſee there my umbrella.
But as for my ZOPY, the dear little fellow--
You cannot go with us; the horſes will bite;
You may cry--but the goblin will come in the night:

Cry on, if you pleaſe, ſir; you ſhall not get hurt—
Yet, girl, pray endeavour the child to divert!
Bolt the door; but firſt call in the houſe-dog to watch;
And ſee you don't lift, while I'm abſent, the latch.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE, the Street at Alexandria.

PRAXINOE, GORGO, OLD WOMAN, MAN, &c.

PRAXINOE.

Good Heav'ns! what a tide! how or when ſhall we ſtem it?
The ſtreet is as full as the bank of an emmet!
O PTOLEMY, great are the deeds thou haſt done,
Since thy father hath left, for OLYMPUS, the throne!
A thief or a robber how ſeldom we meet;
Though pickpockets formerly crouded the ſtreet!
—Heavens! what ſhall we do? The war-horſes advance!
Friend! do not ride over me! See how they prance!

That terrible bay how he rears! let's be gone—
Come, EUNOE—the rider, I'm ſure, will be thrown.
Thank heaven that my boy is at home—let us haſte—

GORGO.

Cheer up, dear PRAXINOE—the danger is paſt.

PRAXINOE.

Well—now I begin to recover my fright—
From a child I've been ready to faint at the ſight
Of an horſe or an adder—But let's keep our ground—
The mob from all quarters is thronging around.

Enter OLD WOMAN.

GORGO.

From the hall, mother?

OLD WOMAN.

Yes.

GORGO.

Can we preſs, through the ſwarm, in?

OLD WOMAN.

That's a point which the trial can only determine.

He only, my daughter, who tries, can enjoy—
By trying, the *Greeks* became maſters of *Troy*.

[*Exit.*

GORGO.

The crone! what a learned, oracular exit!
Sure women have knowledge—but love to perplex it!
So high is their ſoaring ſagacity carried—
They can tell you, how JOVE to his JUNO was married.
PRAXINOE! ſee what a croud at the gate!

PRAXINOE.

Immenſe! but 'tis troubleſome, GORGO, to wait!
Come, give me your hand! and thou, EUNOE, ſtick
(Take care not to loſe her) to Madam EUTYCK!
Let us enter together! Good God! what a gap!
My ſpring-ſilk has met with a horrid miſhap!
And my ſcarf in a moment—Oh! oh! Sir—forbear—
And may JUPITER bleſs you—

MAN.

Dear Madam, my care
Be aſſur'd—

PRAXINOE.

How they thruſt! I am ſure I am hurt!

MAN.

Good madam! cheer up, we are riding in port!

PRAXINOE.

And there may you ride, ſir, this year and the next—
Still EUNOE's terribly joſtled and vext!
Struggle ſtoutly, my girl!—Very well! as *he* cried—
"We're all in!"—when he lock'd himſelf up with his bride.

[*Scene cloſes.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE, the Hall of the Palace.

GORGO, PRAXINOE, STRANGER, GREEK SINGING-GIRL.

GORGO.

PRAXINOE! ſee the rich-tapeſtried room!
How exquiſite! ſure it was wrought in the loom
Of the Gods!

PRAXINOE.

And how ſtriking! how bold the deſigns!
No pencil could draw ſuch elaborate lines!
MINERVA! they riſe above critical ſtrictures!
For what animation enlightens the pictures!
Man's indeed a wiſe animal! See how they move—
Nay, ſtart from the hangings: They cannot be wove!
But look on yon' figure: How charming he lies!
All ſilver the couch, and ſo vivid the dyes
Of his young downy beard—'tis not hard to diſcover
The features of VENUS's beautiful lover.

STRANGER.

Ceaſe—ceaſe—idle dames, your impertinent tattle!
As hoarſe and as broad as the pigeons ye prattle.

GORGO.

Indeed! who are you? Though we talk, ſhall you curb us?
Seek thoſe who will liſten, nor dare to diſturb us!
Doſt think *Syracuſians* will tamely knock under,
That can trace to the city of CORINTH their founder?

No, Maſter Officious! 'Tis ſeldom you hear of one
A ſlave, that's deſcended from mighty BELLEROPHON.
And as to our tongue, you've no reaſon to teaſe us:
'Tis our own mother language of PELOPONNESUS.

PRAXINOE.

We have huſbands, beſide, that will bluſter and cuff!
One tyrant, beſure, is in conſcience enough.

GORGO.

Huſh—huſh—my dear life! She's preparing the ſong:
The ſweet little *Grecian!* How ſtill is the throng!
She'll excel penſive SPERCHIS! See—ſee her prepare
With a languiſh ſo ſoft—ſo delicious an air!
So meltingly plaintive her muſical tone is——
But hark!—She's beginning the death of ADONIS.

The GREEK GIRL *ſings.*

Sweet-ſmiling Arbitreſs of Love,
Queen of the ſoft *Idalian* grove;
Whom GOLGOS and the *Erycian* height—
And thy fair fanes of gold delight!

How lov'd the down-ſhod HOURS have led
Thy own ADONIS from the dead,
To all thy ardent wiſhes dear;
Reſtor'd—to bleſs the cloſing year!
Still, though they move on lagging wing,
The HOURS ſome balmy bleſſing bring!
Hail, daughter of DIONE, hail,
Whoſe power from dark AVERNUS' vale
Caught BERENICE to the bleſt,
And with ambroſia fill'd her breaſt!
For thee, bright Goddeſs of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
The child of BERENICE comes—
ARSINOE, (Helen-like ſhe blooms)
With nature's luxuries to adorn
Thy lov'd ADONIS' feſtal morn!
Lo! fruits, whate'er creation yields,
Lo! the ripe produce of the fields
And gardens, mingling many a dye,
In ſilver baſkets round him lie!

See, richly cas'd in glowing gold,
Yon' box of alabaſter hold
The ſweets of *Syrian* groves; and ſtor'd
With honey'd cakes, the luſcious board!
Obſerve, whatever ſkims the air,
Or lives on earth, aſſembled there!
And green ſhades, arch'd with aniſe, riſe,
Where many a little CUPID flies,
Like the young nightingales that love,
New-fledg'd, to flutter through the grove—
Now perching, now with ſhort eſſay
Borne on weak wing from ſpray to ſpray!
Of gold—of ebon what a ſtore!
And ſee two ivory eagles ſoar,
Swift carrying to the ſeats above
The blooming cup-bearer of JOVE!
Behold that tapeſtry diffuſe
The richneſs of the *Tyrian* hues!
Ev'n they who tend *Mileſian* ſheep
Would own, 'tis ſofter far than ſleep!

Amid this bed's relieving ſhade,
Mark roſy-arm'd ADONIS laid!
And on that couch ſurvey the bride,
Rejoicing in the vernal pride
Of him, whoſe love-embathed kiſs
Glows with the breath of eager bliſs!
Now let her joy—But ere the morn
Shall dry the dews that gem the thorn,
His image to the ſhore we'll bear,
With robes unzon'd, and flowing hair—
With boſoms open'd to the day;
And warble thus the choral lay:
' Thou—thou alone, dear youth, 'tis ſaid,
' Canſt leave the manſions of the dead;
' And, paſſing oft the dreary bourne,
' Duly to earth's green ſeats return!
' Such favor not the ATRIDÆ knew,
' Nor who the fleecy flocks o'erthrew!
' Nor HECTOR, his fond mother's joy;
' Nor PYRRHUS, proud of plunder'd Troy!

'Nor ev'n PATROCLUS great and good;
'Nor they who boaſt DEUCALION's blood;
'Nor PELOPS' ſons; nor, firſt in fame,
'The high PELASGIANS blazon'd name.'
Propitious, O ADONIS, hear;
Thus bring delight each future year!
Kind to our vows ADONIS prove,
And greet us with returning love!

GORGO.

How ſweetly ſhe ſings! Lord! how much ſhe muſt know!
Happy minſtrel! but bleſs me, 'tis high time to go—
Should my huſband return before dinner is ready,
With his bluſtering vagaries my head would be giddy:
Adieu, then, at preſent, my ſweeteſt ADONIS!
And again may you meet ſuch a croud of your cronies!

IDYLLIUM THE SIXTEENTH.

THE GRACES, OR HIERO.

WHILE each fair action of celeſtial birth,
JOVE's race record, and Bards the deeds of earth;
The deathleſs MUSE and mortal Poet ſhare,
Touch'd with a kindred flame, a kindred care.
Yet who, beneath the circling ſun, repays
With grateful preſents our applauſive lays?
Lo! from the proud unhoſpitable dome
Our panegyrics haſte ungifted home;
Indignant, of the cold regard complain,
Sigh o'er our ſong, and mourn the journey vain!
Then recommitted to their lonely ſeat,
An empty cheſt's chill comfortleſs retreat;

Timid and pinch'd by penury, they freeze,
And preſs with fainting heads their ſhivering knees.
For ah! who, values now the plauding lyre?
Who feels the patriot's—who, the hero's fire?
Alas! no chieftains, as in antient days,
Love the fair meed, and tremble for our praiſe!
All—all, the ſordid miniſters of gain,
Heed not the hollow tinkling of our ſtrain;
Wiſer to ſolid heaps of ſilver truſt,
Nor ev'n impart an atom of its ruſt.
'Led by an alien's dreams let others roam—
'I care not—charity begins at home!
(With hand upon his breaſt, the miſer cries)
'Money is all I want—Be others wiſe!
'My humble prayer is only to be rich—
'Heaven will provide the poet with a nich:
'Beſide, had I a wiſh for ſterling ſenſe,
'I've HOMER, and can read without expence.'
Say, wretch, what profits all thy precious ore?
Say, what avails, to heap the ſhining ſtore?

Not thus the wiſe their proſper'd riches uſe,
The friends and benefactors of the MUSE:
While prudence for themſelves reſerves a part,
Their kindred praiſe the hoſpitable heart;
Each fellow-being owns their generous cares,
And every God his due libation ſhares.
'Tis theirs to welcome every coming gueſt;
And, bleſſing each departing friend, be bleſt:
But chiefly theirs, to mark with high regard
The MUSE's laurel'd prieſt—the holy bard;
Leſt in the grave their unſung glory fade,
And their cold moan pierce ACHERON's dreary ſhade;
As the poor labourer, who, with portion ſcant,
Laments his long hereditary want.
What though ALEUA's and the SYRIAN's domes
Saw crouding menials fill their feſtal rooms;
What though o'er SCOPAS' fields rich plenty flow'd,
And herds innumerous through his vallies low'd;
What though the bountiful CREONDÆ drove
Full many a beauteous flock, through many a grove;

Yet when expiring life could charm no more,
And their ſad ſpirits ſought the *Stygian* ſhore;
Their grandeur vaniſh'd with their vital breath,
And riches could not follow them, in death!
Lo theſe, for many a rolling age, had lain
In blank oblivion, with the vulgar train,
Had not their bard, the mighty *Ceian*, ſtrung
His many-chorded harp, and ſweetly ſung
In various tones, each high-reſounded name,
And giv'n to long poſterity their fame!

Verſe can alone the ſteed with glory grace,
Whoſe wreaths announce the triumph of the race!
Could LYCIA's chiefs, or CYCNUS' changing hues,
Or ILION live, with no recording muſe?
Not ev'n ULYSSES, who through dangers ran
For ten long years, in all the haunts of man;
Who ev'n deſcended to the depths of hell,
And fled, unmangled, from the CYCLOPS' cell—

Not he had liv'd, but ſunk, oblivion's prey,
Had no kind poet ſtream'd the unfading ray!
Thus too PHILŒTIUS had in ſilence paſt,
And nameleſs old LAERTES breath'd his laſt;
And good EUMÆUS fed his herds in vain,
But for IONIA's life-inſpiring ſtrain.

Lo, while the ſpirit of the ſpendthrift heir
Wings the rich ſtores amaſs'd by brooding care—
While the dead miſer's ſcattering treaſures fly;
THE MUSE FORBIDS THE GENEROUS MAN TO DIE!
Yet 'tis, at leaſt, as eaſy an eſſay,
From the red brick to waſh its hues away;
Or, when the ſtormy billows beat the ſhore,
To mark each wave, and count their number o'er;
As from his wealth the miſer's ſoul to part,
Or bid one liberal thought expand his heart.
Peace to all ſuch! Be their's the countleſs ſtore,
And ſtill, augmenting, may they covet more!

For me, be ever my firſt wiſh, to prove,
Above the price of gold, eſteem and love——
For me, who now purſue the paths of fame,
Though rough thoſe paths, and dim the MUSE's flame;
Unleſs a patron's kind regard inſpire,
And JOVE's auſpicious omens fan the fire.

The unwearied ſun ſtill rolls from year to year:
Still ſhall proud victors in the race appear!
Great as the ſtern PELIDES' ſelf, erelong
A man ſhall ſhine, the ſubject of my ſong;
Or in the might of towering AJAX riſe,
Who fought on SIMOIS' plain, where ILUS lies.
Ev'n now where LIBYA views the weſtering day,
Phœnician armies ſhrink in pale diſmay!
Ev'n now, the *Syracuſians* take the field,
Couch the ſtrong ſpear, and bend the ſallow ſhield;
While, as the chiefs by hymning poets bleſt,
Great HIERO comes, and nods the horſe-hair creſt.

Hear, O MINERVA, and paternal JOVE,
And ye, who honour with your guardian love
The walls of wealthy SYRACUSE, that throw
Their awful ſhadows on the lake below—
Hear! and may deſtiny o'erwhelming ſweep
Our foes away, far diſtant through the deep!—
Far from this iſle, a ſcatter'd few, to tell
Widows and orphans ſons, what myriads fell!
And may the cities they had raz'd, ariſe
Girt with new ſtrength, and tower into ſkies—
Each old inhabitant his own reſume,
And all the rural ſcene, its former bloom!
There, thouſand flocks through rich luxuriance play,
And droves of oxen croud the travellers' way:
There may the fallow-fields be plough'd again,
And ſown with each variety of grain;
What time ſhrill-ſinging from the topmoſt trees
Each ſunburnt ſwain the perch'd Cicada ſees.
Then ſpider's webs ſhall fill the ruſted ſhield,
And every ſoldier ſhall forget the field—

Thee, HIERO, while exulting bards proclaim,
And ſpread, beyond the *Scythian* ſea, thy name;
Bid ev'n SEMIRAMIS' high tow'rs attend,
And her *bitumen'd* walls in terror bend!
'Weak are my powers'—yet many a bard ſhall join,
Who ſtring their harps belov'd by all the Nine,
To hymn SICILIA's tribes—her ARETHUSE,
And HIERO, blazon'd by the warlike Muſe!

Ye ſiſter-maids, who love the ſtream that flows
Where your firſt votary's breathing incenſe roſe;
Here though in ſtill ſuſpenſe may ſleep my lyre,
Should no kind whiſper wake the trembling wire—
Yet, if a patron's voice invite the Muſe,
Shall my dull ear the ſoothing tone refuſe?
No—in your bowers for ever may I dwell,
And thus the heavy gloom of life diſpel!
Unbleſt by you, what charm can being give?
With you, ye ſiſter-maids, be mine to live!

IDYLLIUM THE SEVENTEENTH.

PTOLEMY.

YE Muſes, if ye hymn the firſt above,
With JOVE begin the ſtrain, and end with JOVE!
To PTOLEMY, the firſt on earth, belong
Your harp's preluding tones—your cloſing ſong!
Heroes of old enjoy'd the immortal meed
Of bards, who blazon'd each diſtinguiſh'd deed!
Thus in my lays ſhall ÆGYPT's Sovereign live;
Such lays as ev'n to Gods new glory give!
The woodman, loſt in IDA's ſhades of oak,
Doubts where to ſtrike, and long delays the ſtroke!
Thus while around the princely ſplendors ſtream,
I heſitate amidſt the various theme!

Say MUSE, how bright the high-ſoul'd father ſhone—
What peerleſs wiſdom deck'd his envied throne!
Him JOVE receiv'd with honors, as a god,
A golden palace his ſublime abode!
And near, above the proſtrate *Perſian* great,
The mitred AMMON holds his living ſeat;
While, oppoſite, the foe to monſters gaunt,
ALCIDES ſits enthron'd in adamant—
Where, 'midſt the immortals, with ambroſia bleſt,
He views his heirs, and hails each ſon a gueſt;
And joys, that, deathleſs through the lapſe of years,
His progeny the bloom of glory wears!
For, ſprung from HERCULES the laſt, they trace
To heaven the lineage of a godlike race!
When (as each vein the fragrant nectar fires)
To taſte connubial rapture he retires;
To this he gives, ſo fatal to the foe,
His ſhafted quiver, and his long-bent bow;
To that his iron club in charge allots,
Ponderous in all the ſolid ſtrength of knots:

Thus, with his arms, they lead the ſon of JOVE
To ſilver-footed HEBE's bed of love.

But BERENICE—Gods! her ſex's pride—
What prudence crown'd the beauties of the bride!
Sure, VENUS' ſelf her odour'd boſom preſt,
And breath'd the ſoul of love into her breaſt!
Touch'd by ſuch merits her adorer came,
And huſband never felt ſo pure a flame!
Her glowing ardors heighten'd all her charms,
And more than equal fondneſs bleſt his arms!
How oft, diſcarding all the monarch's care,
The lover's luxuries he was wont to ſhare;
Pleas'd on his ſons the burthen to remove,
And taſte the ſweet delights of wedded love!
Ah! how unlike the faithleſs conſort's joys,
While far from home her vagrant paſſion flies:
Though numerous ſons announce her guilty fire,
Not one reflects the image of the ſire.

Through the fond favor of thy guardian eye,
O thou, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
The lovely Queen, O VENUS, ſcap'd the grave,
Yet never wafted o'er the moaning wave;
But (ere ſhe ſaw the infernal waters flow)
Snatch'd from the griſly ferry-man below—
Amid the radiance of thy temple plac'd,
And with a ſhare of all thy glory grac'd:
There, kind to all who worſhip at her ſhrine,
She breathes ſoft loves, and ſighs that equal thine.
His ſable-eye-brow'd ſpouſe to TYDEUS bore
Stern DIOMED, who carnag'd ILION's ſhore:
To PELEUS, THETIS bare the warlike boy,
Whoſe far-whirl'd darts were deſtin'd to deſtroy:
'Twas BERENICE's happier fate to bear
Thee to high LAGUS an unequall'd heir!
Then brightening COOS, as ſhe ſaw thee born,
With unfeign'd triumphs hail'd thy infant morn!
For, there invok'd, benign LUCINA came,
And breath'd ſoft languors o'er thy mother's frame!

While, beauteous offspring, COOS laugh'd to ſee
Thy father's features all reviv'd in thee—
While, as her eyes ſurvey'd thy lovely charms,
She claſp'd thee, ſhouting, to her eager arms:
'Bleſt boy! ſuch glories on my iſland ſhed,
'As PHŒBUS on his DELOS ſtream'd! (ſhe ſaid)
'Through thee exalted may the *Dorians'* fame
'Vie, in fair honors, with RHENÆA's name!'
She ceas'd: And thrice, the clouds quick opening round,
JOVE's ſoaring eagle clang'd the auſpicious ſound:
The ſacred omen ſpoke peculiar love,
And mark'd, as ſoon as born, the elect of JOVE.
Such favorites, Heaven-protected at their birth,
Wield the bright ſceptre o'er the ſubject earth;
While, riſing from the rich prolific ſhower,
Wide plenty waves, and myriads bleſs their power.
Yet, where the fatneſs of the NILE o'erflows,
With more abundant fruits old ÆGYPT glows:
See her low meads in freſh luxuriance teem,
Deep as their glebe imbibes the triturating ſtream.

Here too, O PTOLEMY, beneath thy ſway,
What cities glitter to the beams of day!
Lo! with thy ſtatelier pomp no kingdom vies,
While round thee thrice ten thouſand cities riſe!
Struck by the terror of thy flaſhing ſword,
SYRIA bow'd down—ARABIA call'd thee lord!
PHŒNICIA trembled, and the *Lybian* plain,
With the black ÆTHIOP, own'd thy wide domain!
Ev'n LESSER ASIA and her iſles grew pale,
As o'er the billows paſs'd thy crowd of ſail!
Earth feels thy nod—and all the ſubject ſea—
And each reſounding river rolls for thee!
And, while around thy thick battalions flaſh,
Thy proud ſteeds neighing for the warlike claſh;
Through all thy marts the tide of commerce flows,
And wealth, beyond a monarch's grandeur, glows,
Secure from ravages, or ſlaughtering arms,
The ruſtics reap the produce of their farms;
Paſture their herds, where NILE o'erflows the coaſt,
Nor dread the navies of the invading hoſt.

Such gold-hair'd PTOLEMY! whoſe eaſy port
Speaks the ſoft poliſh of the manner'd court;
And whoſe ſeverer aſpect, as he wields
The ſpear dire-blazing, frowns in tented fields:
And though he guards, while other kingdoms own
His conquering arms, the hereditary throne;
Yet in vaſt heaps no uſeleſs treaſure ſtor'd
Lies, like the riches of an emmet's hoard;
But with his gifts adorn'd, each holy ſhrine,
And ev'n the domes of kings and ſubjects ſhine:
Nor from the ſacred feaſts, where many a choir
Wake to high minſtrelſy the rival lyre,
His bards with melancholy ſtep depart;
But triumph in the meed that crowns their art.

Hence then, the Muſe's grateful prophet ſings
His honour'd PTOLEMY—ſupreme of kings!—
Can patrons in a fairer aim rejoice
Than thus to purchaſe fame's enduring voice?

This nobler wealth while ſtill the ATRIDÆ hold,
TROY buried lies—and all their heaps of gold!
Lo! PTOLEMY, on virtue's arduous road,
Hath in the footſteps of his father trode;
Yet riſing over every fervent trace,
His manlier mein diſplays ſuperior grace!
He—he alone, by all the NINE rever'd,
The fragrant temple to his parents rear'd;
Bade their bright forms in gold and ivory riſe,
And ſmile upon the ſolemn ſacrifice.
There, with his queen, he duly decks the ſhrine
(When roll the months around) with rites divine;
And fatten'd bullocks, as the flame aſpires,
Burns in the bluſhing altar's holy fires;
Fair at his ſide ARSINOE's blooming grace,
Than whom no lovelier queen, of mortal race,
The bleſſings of ſo great a conſort proves—
The brother and the huſband of her loves.
Thus too the gods—thus JOVE and JUNO wed;
And odour'd IRIS ſhapes the immortal bed!

Great monarch, hail! Be mine to bid thee riſe;
And reach, with brother demigods, the ſkies!
My verſe the praiſe of future times ſhall prove —
But thou, aſk virtue of almighty JOVE!

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

IDYLLIUM THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE EPITHALAMIUM of HELEN.

IN SPARTA once, when ATREUS' younger ſon
The prize of peerleſs charms in HELEN won,
Twelve maids, the faireſt of the *Spartan* fair,
(Soft hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair)
Twelve lovely maids, LACÆNÆ's nobleſt pride,
Approach'd the tap'ſtried chamber of the bride;
Led their gay dances at the bridal room,
And fill'd with choral ſong the feſtive dome;
To the light meaſure as they beat the ground,
And glanc'd their many-twinkling feet around.
'Why ſleep, dear bridegroom! (was the nuptial lay)
'Ere night's pale curtain ſhade the twilight day?

'Why thus repoſe thee on thy downy bed?
'Say, have too plenteous wines oppreſt thy head?
'Dear bridegroom, ſlumber, if thou wilt, at eve—
'Yet leave the bride—the lovely HELEN leave!
'Come, with her fellow-virgins let her play,
'And own a mother's care, 'till dawn of day!
'For, if a few ſhort maiden hours be paſt,
'Think, think, impatient man, they are her laſt!
'From morn to night—from year to year thy wife,
'Thrice happy bridegroom, ſhe is thine for life!
'Sure, CUPID's lucky ſneeze inſpir'd thy love,
'To ſeek a father in *Saturnian* JOVE;
'And bleſt among the demigods, to gain
'The brighteſt nymph of all the *Achaian* train.
'If, featur'd with their mother's charms, they riſe,
'Well may thy beauteous offſpring grace the ſkies!
'Of all our virgin tribes, that oft are ſeen
'Anointed for the revels of the green,
'Beſide EUROTAS' cooling baths—not one
'A ſpotleſs form, compar'd with HELEN, ſhone.

'For, as the cypreſs in the garden fair,
'Or the tall ſteed that draws THESSALIA's car,
'Or as the riſing of the purple morn,
'When far—far off the wint'ry clouds are borne—
'Ev'n as the morn, when ſpring's ſoft zephyr blows,
'With roſeate charms the golden HELEN glows.
'In toil unrivall'd, as in beauty's bloom,
'Behold her various labors of the loom!
'In webs, no *Spartan* female e'er diſplay'd
'Such colors melting into mellow ſhade.
'See, with unequall'd grace ſhe ſweeps the ſtrings;
'Whether to her according harp ſhe ſings
'MINERVA's name, or wakes the liquid fire,
'In chaſte DIANA's praiſe, along the lyre!
'See, (as the lyric murmurs ſweetly die)
'Love, charming boy, ſits playing in her eye.
'Ah, gentle girl! no longer of our train—
'Yet we, when morning-light illumes the plain,
'Will crop the meadow-leaves, that ſweetly breathe,
'To weave for thee a variegated wreath;

'And mourn thee, as the ſolitary lamb
'Laments with plaintive cries its abſent dam.
'Be flowering Lotus twin'd, that loves the ground,
'And with its wreath the plane-tree branches crown'd;
'While dropping on the ſhaded turf below,
'From ſilver ſhells ambroſial unguents flow.
'And let us grave this line, in *Dorian* ſtrain,
"Revere me, traveller: I am HELEN's plane."

'Hail, happy pair, by ſmiling HYMEN led,
'Hail, happy pair, may VENUS bleſs your bed!
'May kind LATONA mark your mutual love;
'May riches crown your bliſs—the gift of JOVE!
'Long may they grace the hereditary throne;
'And roll, in ſplendid tides, from ſire to ſon!
Now ſleep—and breathing on each breaſt deſire,
'Temper with ſweet eſteem your amorous fire!
'Yet riſe, as crimſon ſtreaks the orient grey—
'Remember—we ſhall chaunt the choral lay,

'Soon as the cock ſhall ſtretch his plumed throat,
'Shake his gay creſt, and ſound his early note!
'Sleep on, bleſt pair! A numerous offspring raiſe;
'And give to HYMEN's joys your golden days!'

IDYLLIUM THE NINETEENTH.

THE HONEY-STEALER.

AS CUPID, once, the errant'ſt rogue alive,
Robb'd the ſweet treaſures of the fragrant hive,
A bee the frolic urchin's finger ſtung—
With many a loud complaint his hands he wrung,
Stampt wild the ground, his roſy finger blew,
And ſtrait, in anguiſh, to his mother flew:
'Mother (he cried, in tears all frantic drown'd)
'Twas but a little bee! And what a wound!'
But ſhe with ſmiles her hapleſs boy ſurvey'd,
And thus, in chiding accents, ſweetly ſaid:
'Of thee a truer type is no where found—
'Who, though ſo little, giv'ſt ſo great a wound!'

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTIETH.

EUNICA,

OR,

THE NEATHERD.

LORD! when to kiſs the city-maid I tried,
How proud ſhe look'd; and flouted me, and cried.
"Away, thou ruſtic! nor my lips profane—
"Doſt think I ever learnt to kiſs a ſwain?
"No—I delight in city-lips alone—
"Thou ſhould'ſt not kiſs me in a dream —egone.
"How ſweet thy accents! What a charming air!
"How ſoft thy downy beard! Thy locks how fair!
"No—Caitiff—Hands ſo tawny—Lips ſo thick—
"And ſuch a ſmell! Begone! for I am ſick!"

She ſpoke—and ſpitting thrice, the ſaucy ſlut
Titter'd, and ey'd me o'er from head to foot;
And frown'd, and wink'd about to ſhew her ſhape,
And laugh'd aloud, and mutter'd—'What an ape!'
Wild as ſhe flung away, I ſpeechleſs ſtood:
In anger boil'd the current of my blood!
Quick to my face the flufhing crimſon flew,
And like a roſe I look'd o'ercharg'd with dew!
Still—ſtill reſentment in my breaſt I bear—
That ſhe ſhould ſcorn a youth ſo paſſing fair!

But ſay, my comrade-ſwains, and tell me truth—
Am not I bright in all the bloom of youth?
Or elſe what god hath faſhion'd me anew?
Erſt my fair form ſhone lovely to the view!
My beard, ſoft-ſpread, like claſping ivy, clung;
My locks, like parſley, down my temples hung!
White o'er my ſable eye-brows—ſnowy-white—
My open forehead ſeem'd one luſtrous light!

My eyes a living azure as they ſtream'd,
Ev'n than MINERVA's more divinely beam'd.
My lips, like cream, with dulcet ſounds replete,
Dropp'd muſic than the honey-comb more ſweet;
And all enchanting flow'd the liquid note,
Or from my pipe, or flute, or *Dorian* oat!
The girls upon the hills confeſs my charms,
And, ſighing, long to claſp me in their arms!
But for this flirt—ſo tinctur'd with the town—
Who ſcorn'd, forſooth, the proffers of a clown;
She never knew, that BACCHUS, though divine,
Paſtur'd, amidſt the vales, his lowing kine;
That VENUS ev'n to cits a ſwain preferr'd,
And help'd him, on the hill, to feed his herd;
Or, fir'd by fair ADONIS, that in groves
The *Paphian* Queen enjoy'd and mourn'd her loves.

And was not ſweet ENDYMION's ſelf a ſwain—
Whom LUNA lov'd, deſcending to the plain,

Whilſt for the *Latmian* lawn ſhe left her ſphere?
And did not RHEA hold a herdſman dear?
Nay—'twas thy will through wild-wood haunts to rove
Ev'n for a little herdſboy, Father JOVE!

And yet a neatherd's love EUNICA thinks
Beneath her notice—the conceited minx!
And vaunts her graces—ev'n unmatch'd, I ween,
By RHEA, CYNTHIA, or the *Cyprian* Queen!
Bewitching beauty! Though, beſure, we ſee
A ſecond CYTHEREA bloom in thee,
O may'ſt thou ſigh, for aye—and ſigh in vain—
To kiſs thy lover of the town again!
Deſpis'd by every cit, be thine to prove
The hill's rude breezes for a herdſman's love!
But may the ruſtic's ſcorn thy crime atone,
And ſlighted, may'ſt thou ſleep all night—alone!

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE FISHERMEN.

ASPHALION and FRIEND.

ADDRESSED TO

DIOPHANTUS.

'TIS penury, DIOPHANTUS, keeps alive
The various arts, and bids invention thrive;
Yet breaks the laborer's little ſhare of reſt,
And fills with anxious thought his throbbing breaſt:
For lo! if gentle ſleep his eyelids cloſe,
Some care burſts in, and murders his repoſe.

Two good old fiſhermen in ſlumber lay,
On the dry ſea-weed, where the poplar-ſpray

Wove to a hut of artleſs texture, ſpread
Its leaves umbrageous o'er their ſhelter'd bed.
Beſide them, many an inſtrument of toil
To lure, or ſeize, or bear their finny ſpoil—
The hook, the net that ſedges cloſe entwine,
The rod, the baſket, and the horſe-hair line;
Skins, gibbous ſeins, and weels of oſier dank,
And wires; and drawn upon a creaking plank
(Their caps upon its ſtern) a long-worn boat;
A mat their pillow; and their rug, a coat;
All mark'd their labor great, their treaſure ſmall—
Theſe were their ſtores—this little was their all.
Not ev'n a dog or pot was theirs: Though poor,
And lone without a neighbour on the ſhore,
They paſs'd their hours, with poverty their friend;
(To fiſh—their ſimple being's aim and end)
And deem'd their ſhed a palace; liv'd in glee;
Nor fear'd the welcome viſit of the ſea,
Whoſe ripling waves roll'd round them, every tide,
And waſh'd their little hovel's tottering ſide.

Not yet the moon had travell'd half the ſkies,
When thoughts of friendly toil unſeal'd their eyes;
And ſhaking from their lids the ſleepy dews,
They cheer'd their boſoms with an artleſs muſe.

ASPHALION.

Sure, friend, they lye, who ſay, the ſummer-light
Soon brings the day-ſpring, and curtails the night.
For I have ſeen this night full many a dream,
Though yet far diſtant from the morning-beam-
Have I forgot? In truth, I am not wrong!
The tedious hours lag heavily along.

FRIEND.

How vain to blame the ſummer-ſun's delay!
The hours unvarying urge their deſtin'd way:
'Tis care that lengthens out the gloom, more deep
At every tedious pauſe of broken ſleep!

ASPHALION.

Pray, haſt thou learnt, my friend, the happy art
A dream's myſterious meaning to impart?

To thee I would unfold my nightly care,
And, as we ſhare our fiſh, the viſion ſhare.
Come then, I tell thee, 'twas a charming ſight,
And truſt thy genius will interpret right.
He ſeems, my friend, the ſhrewdeſt judge of dreams,
In whom the ſpirit of conjecture beams.
We've ample time: Here ſleepleſs on a bed
Of leaves, the billows gurgling round our ſhed,
What ſhall we do? Indeed the living light
In PRYTANEUM burns both day and night.

FRIEND.

Come then, recite this viſion to thy friend,
Whoſe ear ſhall every incident attend.

ASPHALION.

When, weary from our labors on the deep,
Laſt evening, I had clos'd my eyes in ſleep;
(Nor was my ſtomach full—for ſupping late
A ſparing meal we haſtily had ate)
Methought upon a ſhelving rock I ſtood,
And ey'd the gambols of the ſcaly brood;

Let down, as I was wont, my baited hook,
And oft the glancing lure impatient ſhook.
Then one (in ſleep we image what we wiſh—
Dogs dream of bones, and fiſhermen of fiſh)
A huge one gorg'd the bait; and flouncing, dyed
With guſhing crimſon the tranſparent tide.
I ſtretch'd my arm, and, fill'd with anxious hope,
Looſen'd the line, and gave him ampler ſcope;
Yet, if my bending rod aſunder ſnapt,
Fear'd the ſtrong animal was vainly trapt—
Debating, how I could contrive, at all,
To take ſo large a fiſh, with hook ſo ſmall.
At length I cried: 'Doth ſtill thy vigor brave
'My toils?'—as graſping him above the wave
He prick'd full ſorely: Yet o'ercome at laſt
He faintly ſtruggled, and I held him faſt.
But how amaz'd, when all my labor o'er,
I ſaw a fiſh of gold upon the ſhore!
Fear crept through all my frame. 'Perchance (thought I)
'It may be one of NEPTUNE's favorite fry!

'Or AMPHITRITE's treaſure!'—So I took,
And gently loos'd him from my faithful hook,
Leſt from his gliſtening mouth a grain of gold
Might ſtick about the barb: And now, more bold,
With cords I drew him on the beach—and ſwore
'That I'd ſet foot in fiſhing-boat no more;
'But here, ſince gold would purchaſe every thing,
'I'd live at home, at leiſure, like a king.'
I ſtrait awoke: But what am I to do?
Tell me—I fear my oath—and tell me true.

FRIEND.

Fear not: 'Tis all a phantom of the brain;
Vain is thy fiſh of gold—thy oath is vain.
To realize thy hopes, be thine to take
The finny fry, not ſleeping, but awake.
Go then—for fiſh more ſolid try the ſtream,
Nor die, for hunger, in a golden dream.

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-SECOND.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

PART THE FIRST.

LEDA's and JOVE's great ſons my verſe inſpire—
The ſons of JOVE, their ægis-bearing ſire!
CASTOR;—and POLLUX dreadful in the liſts,
The ceſtus brac'd with thongs around his wriſts!
My frequent ſong ſhall hymn your manly grace,
Ye twins, the glory of the *Spartan* race!
Powers, who protect us from the foe, and ſhield
Our ſcar'd ſteeds trampling on the carnag'd field!
Powers that o'erlook the ſtruggling ſhip, and ſave,
When ſtars ariſe malignant o'er the wave!
Behold the looſen'd tempeſts ſwell the tide,
Laſh the high helm, and bulge each burſting ſide,

And pour into the poop the mountain-ſurge;
While the rent veſſel reels upon the verge
Of fate—its torn ſails hanging in the blaſt,
And wildly daſh'd around each ſhatter'd maſt!
Clouds big with hail the midnight heavens deform,
And the broad ocean thunders to the ſtorm!
But ye, though now the cloſing waves purſue,
Quick reſcue from the chaſm the dying crew!
Lo! the clouds break! their ſcatter'd fragments fly,
Whilſt the drear winds in whiſpering murmurs die;
And each mild ſtar that marks the tranquil night
Gilds the repoſing wave with friendly light.
O both the friends of man, to whom belong
The gauntlet and the horſe, the lyre and ſong!
Whoſe proweſs firſt ſhall dignify my lays?
'Tis POLLUX firſt I ſing: Yet both ſhall meet my praiſe.

'Midſt ſhores, that threaten'd, as in act to cloſe
Their adverſe rocks, and PONTUS drear with ſnows,

When ARGO paſt, (her freight the ſons of Gods)
And ſafely reach'd BEBRYCIA's wild abodes;
Strait down the veſſel's ſides the chiefs deſcend,
And o'er the ſhelter'd beach their footſteps bend;
Place on the kindling fires the vaſe; and ſpread
All on a ſhaded ſpot, their leafy bed.

The Royal Brothers, eager to explore
The ſylvan ſcenes, far wander'd from the ſhore;
O'er a fair mountain's woodland ſummits ſtray'd,
The varied beauties of its brow ſurvey'd;
And, tracing the receſſes of the mount,
Found, deep-retir'd, a cool perennial fount:
Brimful beneath a craggy rock it gleam'd;
Whilſt, at the bottom of the woodland beam'd
Full many a ſcatter'd pebble to the light,
As cryſtal or as poliſh'd ſilver bright.
Beſide this ſpot, the plane-tree quivering play'd,
And penſive poplars wav'd a paler ſhade;

While many a fir in living verdure grew,
And the deep cypreſs darken'd on the view:
And there each flower that marks the balmy cloſe
Of ſpring, the little bee's ambroſia, blows!

Hard by (his couch the roçk) a chieftain frown'd,
His ears freſh reeking from the gauntlet's wound.
Dire was his giant form! and amply ſpher'd
The broad projection of his breaſts appear'd!
Like ſome *Coloſſus* wrought too firm to feel,
His back all ſinewy ſeem'd of ſolid ſteel!
On his ſtrong brawny arms his muſcles ſtood,
Like rocks, that, rounded by the torrent flood,
Through the clear wave their ſhelving ridges ſhow,
One ſmooth and poliſh'd prominence below.

Rough round his loins a lion's ſpoils were ſlung;
Suſpended by the paws the trophy hung.
Victorious POLLUX view'd, uncheck'd by dread,
The ſavage chief, and thus complacent ſaid:

POLLUX.

Health, friend, whoe'er you are—Say, who the race
That fate hath ſettled in ſo bleſt a place?

AMYCUS.

How health—when I ſee men I never ſaw?—

POLLUX.

Fear not—You ſee no fugitives from law.

AMYCUS.

Fear not?—Believe me, I have liv'd too long,
To learn that leſſon from a ſtranger's tongue.

POLLUX.

How captious! Rude as clowns that break the clod!

AMYCUS.

I'm as thou ſeeſt! Thy ſhore I never trod!

POLLUX.

Come, and you'll find a welcome!

AMYCUS.

Welcome—no—
I ne'er accept a welcome, nor beſtow.

POLLUX.

Strange! May I taſte that riv'let?

AMYCUS.

Tell me, firſt,

Whether thy burning lips are parch'd by thirſt?

POLLUX.

What is your price? Here's ſilver—

AMYCUS.

In the fight

To prove, man cloſe oppos'd to man, thy might;

With ſteady eye, with gauntlet-arm alert,

By artifice or force thy powers exert.

POLLUX.

But whom am I to fight?

AMYCUS.

Behold him here,

Who ne'er in combat knew unmanly fear.

POLLUX.

Say, what's the prize for which we urge the fray?

AMYCUS.

The vanquiſh'd muſt the victor's will obey.

POLLUX.

'Tis thus the ſanguine-creſted birds engage——

AMYCUS.

Or birds or lions—ſuch the war I wage.

This ſaid, his hollow conch the giant blew;
And, ſtarting at the ſignal, ruſh'd to view
(Their long hair flowing) his *Bebrycian* troop:
A ſpreading plane o'er-arch'd the ſturdy groupe;
While mighty CASTOR haſten'd to invite
The choſen chiefs, ſpectators of the fight.

Soon as the combatants with bull-hide bands
Had fix'd the maſſive gauntlets to their hands,
And 'round their ſhoulders brac'd the leathern thong,
They breath'd defiance 'mid the circling throng.
Now the dread trial of their art begun,
Each ſtriving to elude the glancing ſun!

POLLUX! with thee thy rival vainly vies!
The rays ſhot full on AMYCUS's eyes.
Enrag'd he quick advanc'd upon his foe,
And aim'd, with hands high-rais'd, a deadly blow!
But wary POLLUX the 'mid fury broke,
And rung upon his cheeks a ſtunning ſtroke,
Still more incens'd the giant's boſom boil'd,
As thus his vengeance on himſelf recoil'd;
And bending downward for a ſurer aim—
His brave BEBRYCIANS rais'd the loud acclaim.
Nor leſs the ſhouting GREEKS their champion cheer'd;
For fill'd with fond anxiety, they fear'd—
Fear'd—that the enormous chief might onward ruſh,
And with a TITYUS' weight the hero cruſh.
But he, ſtill firm—ſtill dext'rous to engage,
Curb'd, with repeated ſtrokes, his rival's rage.
Drunk with the blows the ſon of NEPTUNE ſtood,
Streams guſhing from his mouth of purple blood.

Inſtant, the warrior-worthies, as they ſaw
The ſhatter'd remnant of his broken jaw,
His gaſh'd cheeks ſwoln, his ſocket-ſunken eyes,
Fill'd with triumphant ſhouts the rending ſkies.

The Prince, yet eager in the fight, provokes
His rival combatant, with feintful ſtrokes;
His leſs evaſive ſteps now ſtaggering plies;
Then, ſeizing on the moments of ſurprize,
Full on his brow betwixt his eye-brows daſh'd,
And to the bone the rended forehead maſh'd.
Supine to earth, amidſt the dread affray,
He fell, and on the reeking plane-leaves lay.

But ſoon he rear'd his ſtature from the ground;
And both vindictive dealt the mutual wound,
In hurried onſet, on the neck and breaſt
The madd'ning tyrant of BEBRYCIA preſt;
Whilſt in new ſtrength unvanquiſh'd POLLUX roſe,
Still driving at the head his deadlier blows.

As in black ſweat each limb collapſing ſhrunk,
The giant champion's vaunted vigor ſunk!
Yet POLLUX ſtood in more majeſtic grace,
And manlier bloom ſprung freſh'ning o'er his face.

Say, Muſe, how JOVE's high ſon (for you can tell)
Had power the ſavage monſter to repel:
Your faithful bard, I finiſh or prolong
The varied tale, as you inſpire my ſong.

Bent, in one deſperate effort, to remand
His ſcattering honors, on the GREEK's left hand
Wild, with his own, he ſeiz'd; then turn'd oblique
To ſhun the threat'ning chief prepar'd to ſtrike—
The pond'rous gauntlet of his right hand ſped
Death-menacing—but miſs'd the royal head
That ſlid eluſive of the blow! Elate
The hero of the GREEKS aim'd ſurer fate!
Full on the creſt of AMYCUS it flew;
And the gor'd temples gap'd diſclos'd to view;

While, ſudden, guſhing from the forceful wound
The crimſon current trickled to the ground.
Quick on his cheeks the ſtrokes redoubling flaſh—
And his teeth chatter'd with full many a craſh.——

Stretch'd on the cold earth, dim life's trembling light,
His hands he lifted—to renounce the fight.
But POLLUX (though his triumphs clos'd the fray)
Tarniſh'd by no baſe deed the ſplendid day:
While AMYCUS by father NEPTUNE ſwore,
'That he would injure ſtrangers never more!'

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-SECOND.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

PART THE SECOND.

NEXT CASTOR riſe (ſince now thy brother's praiſe
Hath kindled the rapt Muſe's hymning lays)
Riſe, mailed chief, who lov'ſt the heroic courſe,
Thou mighty maſter of the warrior-horſe!

The bold twin-offspring of immortal JOVE,
Wrought up to frenzy by the power of love,
Had borne, rapacious, from their father's dome
LEUCIPPUS' daughters—fair in virgin bloom!
APHAREUS' ſons the injurious deed ſurvey'd,
(The future bridegrooms of each raviſh'd maid)

And ſtrait purſued the BROTHERS in their flight,
IDAS ſtrong-limb'd, and LYNCEUS ſharp of ſight.

But when the heroes reach'd the ſacred way
Where high-entomb'd APHAREUS' aſhes lay,
Each leap'd impetuous from his lofty car,
All arm'd with ſpears and targets for the war.
'Why thus (aloud beneath his caſque he ſpoke)
'Why (LYNCEUS cries) the frantic fight provoke?
'For others brides, ſay, whence this fury came?
'And why, unſheath'd, your ready faulchions flame?
'Long ſince LEUCIPPUS hath affix'd their dowers,
'Betroth'd, and with an oath confirm'd them ours.
'And ſure, 'twas baſe, through cunning, to prevail,
'With dazzling lures of gold their ſire aſſail;
'Hurry their mules and herds and wealth away,
'And make our property your lawleſs prey.

'Oft have I argued, though my words are few—
(A plain remonſtrance, but, alas! too true)

" Say, hath not ELIS—Nurſe of many a ſteed,
" The *Arcadian* vallies that improve the breed
" Of beauteous kine, and SPARTA's wide domain,
" And proud MESSENE's ſtate, and ARGOS' plain,
" And where rich CORINTH opes her ample bay,
" All GRECIA's towns in populous diſplay—
" Say, have not theſe of maids a numerous tribe,
" Bright-blooming, to be won without a bribe?
" Virgins, that boaſt, in mind as beauty fair,
" The genial nurture of parental care.
" For you, who from a lineage great and good
" Draw the pure current of heroic blood,
" How eaſy, while their honour'd ſires rejoice,
" Amidſt the lovely train, to fix your choice!
" My friends, it ill becomes a prince, I've ſaid,
" Inſidious, to ſupplant the bridal bed!
" Our nuptials but allow us to purſue,
" And we'll engage to find fit brides for you."
' Such were my words—but ah! the breezes gave
' Their ſound, all unavailing, to the wave!

'Yet though no prayers your ſtubborn boſoms bent,
'Ev'n now (for we are kin) ev'n now relent!
'But if our warlike proweſs muſt be tried,
'And hateful arms be fix'd on, to decide;
'If vengeance bid the blood of kindred ſtain,
'In fight too ominous, the liſted plain;
'Let IDAS and the valiant POLLUX yield,
'To CASTOR and to me, the doubtful field!
'Let us, the younger two, contend alone,
'Nor leave our wretched parents to bemoan
'The general death! Let ſome return to cheer
'Their drooping friends, and wipe the virgin's tear,
'And to ſupply the place of thoſe who died—
'Each the fond bridegroom of a happy bride.
'Thus lighter miſchiefs may our houſe befall,
'Nor the dire conteſt ſpeed the fates of all.'
He ſpoke, nor vainly: On the ground, in haſte,
Their armor IDAS and brave POLLUX plac'd.
But LYNCEUS, boldly marching to the field,
Shook his ſtrong ſpear beneath his circling ſhield;

Then CASTOR brandiſh'd his uplifted lance,
And their plum'd helmets wave, as they advance.

Firſt with their ſpears they tried the warlike art
To find, ill-guarded, ſome more vital part:
But all in vain the alternate weapons ſtruck;
The ſharp points breaking to their targets ſtuck!
Next, the bright faulchions from their ſheaths they drew,
And to the cloſing fight with fury flew!
At the broad buckler of his vengeful foe,
And nodding caſque, while CASTOR aim'd the blow;
The quick-ey'd LYNCEUS all his powers diſplay'd,
And lopp'd the rival plumage with his blade.
But ſoon that blade its force too feeble found,
Struck with the hand that held it to the ground.
And fruitleſs now each effort to withſtand—
Hurrying he fought, with mutilated hand,
His father's tomb, where IDAS had reclin'd
To view the inteſtine fray, with anxious mind.

With unabated rage, the ſon of JOVE
Ruſh'd on; and riſing, through his navel drove
The forceful faulchion! From the gaping wound
His bowels guſh'd, and welt'ring gor'd the ground.
To earth he falls! and gaſping as he lies,
Death's dim ſuffuſion veils his glaring eyes.

Nor ever was ill-omen'd IDAS led
By his fond mother, to the nuptial bed!
For, as vindictive of his brother's doom,
He tore a column from APHAREUS' tomb,
Aiming its maſſive vengeance at the foe
With wild uplifted arm, in act to throw—
Heaven's ſovereign Lord elanc'd a flaming brand
That daſh'd the ſhattering marble from his hand!
Through all his writhing frame the lightnings ſped,
And, in a craſh of thunder, he fell dead!

The BROTHERS thus unrival'd fervor fires,
Brave in themſelves, and ſprung from valiant ſires!

Hail, ſons of LEDA! let each noble name
Give to my hymning harp a deathleſs fame!
For every poet, kindling, as he ſings
Your deeds, and HELEN's, and the heroic kings
Who levell'd ILION's pride, in antient days,
Lives in your ſpirit, and partakes the praiſe!
His lofty lyre to warlike glory ſtrung,
Your high renown the *Chian* poet ſung,
With *Argive* fleets, and battles fam'd afar,
And TROY and THETIS' ſon the tower of war.
I too chaunt martial numbers; nor refuſe
The humble offerings of my votive muſe!
Such as the Nine inſpire, my verſe appears—
Poetic honors charm immortal ears!

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

AN amorous ſhepherd lov'd a cruel maid;
And breath'd vain wiſhes all with ſcorn repaid.
Her beauteous figure but bely'd her mind—
A form too lovely, with a ſoul unkind!
She knew not CUPID, or his bitter dart;
She knew not CUPID's power, to tame the heart.
No bluſh of love in ſoft ſuffuſion bloom'd,
Nor pity's dewy light her eyes illum'd.
His raging wound ſhe ne'er eſſay'd to calm;
Nor pour'd, in kiſſes or in ſighs, a balm!
But ſavage as the wildeſt beaſt that prowls,
That on the foreſt-hunters grimly ſcowls.

No parley could her fury-ſpirit brook;
Lour'd her dark eyes, and death was in her look!
Oft from her face the roſeate color flew,
And her whole ſoul in anger ruſh'd to view!
Yet was ſhe fair, and ev'n diſdain had charms—
He ſigh'd to ſnatch her frowning to his arms!
At length, bewilder'd in the gloom of fate,
He ſought with trembling ſteps the virgin's gate;
Kiſs'd the bare threſhold, hung his throbbing head;
And, his tears guſhing in a torrent, ſaid:
'Ah, cruel fair! in ſome wild foreſt born!
'Thy hatred—love, and all thy pleaſure—ſcorn!
'Thy nurſe—the bloody lioneſs alone:
'Thy cold, cold heart—impenetrable ſtone!
'Take—take this cord—'tis all I now can give—
'I go (nor longer will thy torment live)
'To where the wretched find relief I go—
'Where lovers drink oblivion of their woe!
'Yet what—this ſcorching fever—what can tame?
'Alas! all LETHE could not quench the flame!

'Adieu, ye gates, to meet theſe eyes no more;
'Farewell! I ſee what time reſerves in ſtore!
'Fair is the roſe, yet ſoon its beauty flies!
'Soon the ſweet vi'let, ſoon the lily dies!
'Soon melts the whiteneſs of the fleeting ſnow;
'Thus paſſes youth! thus fades its vernal glow!
'The time will come, when ev'n thy heart ſhall prove,
'While ſtream thy bitter tears, the pangs of love!
'Yet grant this prayer! alas, I aſk no more,
'When thou ſhalt ſee me pendent at thy door,
'Ah, paſs not—paſs not by—but kindly ſhed
'A tear of pity to embalm the dead!
'And looſe the cord; and o'er me lightly throw
'Your ſhading robe; and then one kiſs beſtow;
'At leaſt refuſe not ſuch a boon in death—
'Fear not—no kiſſes can reſtore my breath!
'Ah! fear not—I ſhall never more ariſe!
'Ev'n though thou kiſs with ſoft relenting ſighs!
'Laſt, duly dug, my ſepulchre provide,
'My love and me its hollow cell ſhall hide!

‘ And thrice “ Here reſts my friend!” departing ſay;
‘ Or rather cry, “ Here lies my true love's clay!”
‘ Then let this ſimple epitaph be mine,
‘ (My trembling hand now traces the faint line)
“ Love ſlew him, traveller! Stop—to ſoothe his ſhade!
“ And pitying ſay, he lov'd a ruthleſs maid!”
This ſaid, and in deſpairing frenzy bold,
High by the wall a pond'rous ſtone he roll'd;
Then, climbing, fix'd the cord above, and tied
The fatal nooſe, and ſpurn'd the ſtone aſide—
Quivering in death! The fair-one, when ſhe ſaw
Her pendent lover, ſhew no ſigns of awe,
Nor ſhed one tear; but ſcornful glances caſt,
And her light robe polluted, as ſhe paſt!
Then ran to view the wreſtlers in the grove,
Thence viſiting the bath devote to love!
There CUPID's image, on a marble baſe,
Stood frowning o'er the conſecrated place:

And, inſtant, as he ſaw the fair-one lave,
He fell, and cruſh'd her in the fountain-wave!
Life's purple current ſpouted at the blow,
And theſe laſt words came faultering from below:
' Lovers, adieu! Behold the ſcorner dies!
' Love thoſe that love! For Heaven's decrees are wiſe!'

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

SOON as ALCMENA bade her pleaſing care,
Waſh'd, and with milk well fed, for reſt prepare,
ALCIDES, who ten months had ſeen the light,
And IPHICLUS, juſt younger by a night;
She gently laid them on the brazen ſhield
(Which great AMPHITRYON in the tented field
From PTERILAS had won) on either head
Plac'd her fair hands, and fondly-ſmiling ſaid,
'Sleep—ſleep ſecure, my boys, the night away;
'Sweet be your eaſy reſt, 'till dawning day.'
She ſpoke: And ſtrait their heavy eyelids yield
To ſlumber, as ſhe rocks the cradling ſhield.

But when deſcending URSA mark'd the ſkies,
Where the red rays of broad ORION riſe,
Veil'd by the ſhades of midnight, JUNO ſent
(Her vengeful ſoul unknowing to relent)
Two ſerpents, with commiſſion to deſtroy
The infant HERCULES, JOVE's vigorous boy!
Terrific through the portal's valves they came,
Their eye-balls ſhooting a pernicious flame!
Briſtled their azure ſcales o'er many a fold,
Then prone to earth their blood-ſwoln bellies roll'd!
And, as along the marble floor they flew,
Fell poiſon from their jaws the monſters threw.
Now hiſſing o'er the ſhield the ſerpents hung,
Each brandiſhing in rage his forked tongue!
When ſtrait (for JOVE ſees all) the babes awoke,
And through the room a ſteady ſplendor broke!
As their dire fangs caught IPHICLUS's eye,
The child to pity rais'd a ſhort ſhrill cry;
Quick from his little limbs the covering caſt,
And ſought to fly—with ſhivering fear aghaſt.

But young ALCIDES ſtretch'd (nor ſtretch'd in vain)
His arms, to claſp them in a deadly chain.
With eager hands their ſwelling throats he ſeiz'd,
And venom, hateful to the Immortals, ſqueez'd
From their black jaws! Convuls'd, they writh'd each ſpire
Around the babe, who felt the hero's fire!
Who, yet unwean'd, ne'er ſhudder'd with alarms,
Or cried, or blubber'd, in his nurſe's arms!
Their curls relax'd in many a livid ſtripe,
At length they yielded to an infant's gripe.

Starting, ALCMENA firſt o'erheard the cries—
'Ariſe! AMPHITRYON! much I fear! ariſe!
'Wait—wait not for your ſandals! much I fear!
'Our younger ſon poor IPHICLUS I hear.
'And ſee what light o'er all the chamber falls!
'Though not yet morn, how viſible the walls!
'Some ſtrange event!'—ſhe ſaid—and at her word
AMPHITRYON roſe, and inſtant ſnatch'd his ſword

That, by a peg ſuſpended o'er his head,
Adorn'd, a high-wrought work, the cedar-bed;
Then drawing from its lotewood ſheath the blade,
(While the wide room grew dark in ſudden ſhade)
He call'd his train that, huſh'd in ſlumbers deep,
Lay ſnoring out the heavineſs of ſleep.
'Haſte—haſte, my ſervants! Inſtant flambeaux bear—
'Hither—unbolt the gates—and quick repair!'
Strait at his voice the rous'd attendants came,
Each waving in his hand the torch's flame:
And, when they ſaw the young ALCIDES claſp
Two fiery ſerpents with his eager graſp,
In wild amaze they ſhudder'd! But the boy
Leap'd in an extacy of childiſh joy;
And with a laugh, his triumph to complete,
Flung the dead monſters at his father's feet.
Her IPHICLUS all trembling, to her breaſt
ALCMENA caught, and lull'd the babe to reſt;
O'er the young hero while AMPHITRYON throws
The lambkin's ſofteſt fleece; then ſeeks repoſe.

The creſted cock, as gleam'd the orient ſky,
Had thrice proclaim'd the day-ſpring from on high;
When fair ALCMENA call'd the hoary ſeer
Who ever gains with truth the wondering ear;
The unuſual fortune of the night run o'er,
And bade him ſay, what Heaven reſerv'd in ſtore.
'Nor ought (ALCMENA cries) through fear conceal,
'If woes await us, let thy tongue reveal!
'For vain, thy wiſdom knows, is mortal care!
'Each ill that Heaven predeſtines, man muſt bear.'
She ſpoke: The queen TIRESIAS thus addreſt:
'Hail, parent, with a godlike offspring bleſt!
'Fear not, O thou, whom regal ſplendors grace!
'Fear not, O thou, of PERSEUS' royal race!
'By the dear light that long hath left theſe eyes—
'No more to ſee the roſy morning riſe,
'The days ſhall come, when many a maid of GREECE,
'Twirling, on rapid wheel, the carded fleece,
'Whilſt matrons glory in thy deeds of fame,
'Shall ſing, 'till duſky eve, ALCMENA's name.

'But for thy ſon, in various triumphs great,
'The ſtar-effulgent Heaven reſerves a ſeat!
'Old earth with wonder ſhall his glories fill—
'Men—ſavage beaſts obedient to his will!
'Yet, ere the giant chieftain ſhall repoſe
'Where JOVE's pure dome in living ſplendor glows,
'Twelve labors paſt, the fierce *Trachinian* flame
'Muſt purge from earthly droſs his mortal frame!
'He ſhall be call'd the ſon-in-law of gods—
'Ev'n thoſe who from their caverns' drear abodes
'Arous'd the baleful monſters of the wild,
'To ſlay with venom'd fangs the warrior-child.
'Then with the fawn the harmleſs wolf ſhall dwell,
'And range, in ſocial ſports, the embowering dell!
'But, mighty princeſs, bid thy ſlaves prepare
'Such copſe or low-wood as the foreſts bear;
'The rough aſpalathus, or lit with eaſe,
'The dry acherdus tremulous in the breeze,
'Or brambles creeping o'er the ſteril ſoil;
'And burn yon' ſerpents in the kindled pile—

'What time, the ſleeping infants to devour
'They hiſs'd along theſe rooms—the midnight hour.
'Then let a faithful maid, at dawn of day,
'The extinguiſh'd aſhes to the flood convey;
'Quick o'er her head, if favouring breezes blow,
'To the rude rocks her ſcatter'd burthen throw;
'And inſtantly return, nor look behind
'On the dire magic of the waves and wind.
'Next, let pure ſulphur to the rooms reſtore
'Salubrious air; and ſprinkle on the floor
'Clear water from the living fountain brought,
'With olives crown'd—with ſalt as duly fraught
'And laſt, on JOVE the victim boar beſtow;
'So ſhall ye triumph o'er the crouching foe!'

Thus ſpoke TIRESIAS, as the God inſpir'd;
And to his ivory car, low-bent with age, retir'd.

As the young plant amidſt the garden grows,
Beneath his mother's care ALCIDES roſe:

And though ſuch honor, as a child, he won,
Still was he call'd AMPHITRYON's godlike ſon.
His letter'd lore APOLLO's offspring taught,
Old LINUS, wrinkled by laborious thought!
But EURYTUS (whoſe thouſand acres ſhone
By long hereditary right his own)
Bade him the praiſes of the bowman claim,
And fix'd the feather'd ſhaft's unerring aim;
While ſweet EUMOLPUS form'd his voice to ſong,
And ſhap'd his hands the box-tree lyre along!
Each varying feint the *Argive* wreſtlers ſhow
In ſtrong contorſions with the gallant foe;
On liſted plains the gauntlet to direct,
And wield its iron vengeance with effect;
How thoſe who act the boxer's vigorous part
Find meet occaſions to diſplay their art;
All this from fierce HARPALYCUS he knew—
Whom, though yet diſtant, no man dar'd to view;
While, ſtorming for the carnage of the fight,
On his dark brow hung death and pale affright.

Oft too AMPHITRYON taught the blooming boy
With fondneſs that beſpoke a father's joy,
In the high car his generous ſteeds to train;
To guide their ſwiftneſs with unerring rein;
Turn ſhort the wheels impetuous as they roll;
Nor daſh the glowing axle on the goal!
From *Argive* plains, in youth's more vigorous day,
Full many a prize the ſire had borne away;
And ſtill unbroken ſtood his car ſublime,
Though the worn reins had felt the worm of time.
But how to launch with all a warrior's art,
With all a warrior's force the deathful dart;
To ſhun, beneath his ſhield's protective ſhade,
The furious impulſe of the flaſhing blade;
To marſhal armies dreadful in array,
Lead the fierce horſe, and well-tim'd ambuſh lay;
Such CASTOR taught—what time, in TYDEUS' reign,
He fled, an exile, over ARGOS' plain.
The *Argive* ſceptre from ADRASTUS came,
Who bade the vineyard vales hail TYDEUS' name.

No warrior's equal proweſs could engage
The valiant CASTOR, ere unſtrung by age.

Thus taught the paths of glory to purſue,
Beneath his mother's eye the hero grew.
Faſt by his father's bed, a lion's hide
Form'd his rough couch, in all its ſhaggy pride.
His evening viands, large as hinds partake,
Were ſavory ven'ſon and the *Doric* cake:
But ſparing were his noonday meals!—Array'd
In no rich veſt, whoſe floating folds diſplay'd
The needle's art—in plain unprincely robe
'Twas his to range the inhoſpitable globe.

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

HERCULES THE LION-SLAYER.

* * * * * * * * *

HIS inſtruments of labor laid aſide,
The hoary herdſman to the chief replied:
' I haſte, (nor deem it a reluctant taſk)
' O ſtranger! to impart whate'er you aſk:
' For much celeſtial HERMES I revere,
' Whoſe ſtatues awful in each road appear.
' He moſt of all the heavenly tribe, they ſay,
' Hates thoſe who from the traveller turn away.
' Theſe flocks, with which the hills, the vales are ſtor'd—
' Innumerous, own AUGIAS for their lord:
' O'er various ſoils they range beyond our view;
' On ELISUS' ſoft banks their path purſue,

'Or where divine ALPHEUS' waters flow;
'Or where BUPRASIUM's cluſt'ring vineyards glow;
'Or wanton here, amid theſe meads of gold;
'And every flock apart enjoys its fold.
'Though cropp'd by many a herd that roves around,
'In freſh luxuriance ſmiles their paſture-ground,
'MENIUS' rich marſh: For here, beneath the dew,
'The varied herbage ſprings for ever new:
'See to the right, their ſtalls conſpicuous gleam,
'Beyond the winding current of the ſtream,
'Where grow yon clumps of high perennial plane,
'And yon' wild olive ſpreads, APOLLO's fane:
'Each ſhepherd-ſwain, ſlow-pacing down the glade,
'Invokes his firſt of Gods, and hails the ſhade.

'Next riſe our ſtalls, whoſe ſpacious rooms contain
'The ſtores our care hath heap'd, of golden grain—
'The riches that around our ſovereign flow,
'While thrice plough'd up, the teeming glebe we ſow.

'They who the vineyards plant, or prune, or rear,
'Or tread the wine-preſs with laborious care,
'Well know the wealthy monarch's vaſt domain;
'The graſs-green vales, the harveſt-redd'ning plain;
'And widely-waving far as yonder hills
'Whoſe fair tops glitter with refreſhing rills,
'Theſe ſhadowy gardens, where our daily toil
'(For ſuch the life of ſwains) prepares the ſoil.

'But tell me, is it chance or buſineſs leads
'Your footſteps, ſtranger, to theſe happy meads?
'Say, do you ſeek (nor deem my ſervice vain)
'The king, or one of his attendant train?
'Truſt to my care: and ſure, if right I ween,
'Your manly graces, and your portly mein
'Shine, with no ſemblance of ignoble birth—
'For thus the Sons of Gods appear on earth.'

JOVE's Son replied: 'O friend, I ſpeed my way
'To hail the prince whom ELIS' realms obey!

'But if, amidſt his citizens, the cauſe
'Of right engage him to diſpenſe the laws;
'Then give me for my guide the maſter-ſwain,
'Whoſe counſel beſt may help me to explain
'My wants: For JOVE decreed, when earth began,
'That man ſhould ever want the help of man.'

'Sure, ſome Immortal's ſmile your worth hath won!
'(The herdſman cried) your work's already done!
'For hither from the town AUGIAS came,
'With PHYLEUS, his lov'd ſon, long mark'd by fame,
'But yeſter morn—to view, for many a day,
'His rural riches, in their full diſplay.
'Thus kings, who trace their wealth with watchful eyes,
'Flouriſh, while aggrandiz'd their houſes riſe!
'But let us haſten, and the ſovereign hail—
'To yonder ſtall I'll guide you down the vale.'

This ſaid, he leads the way, while wonder roſe,
Full many a thought revolving as he goes!

For, with the feelings of unuſual awe,
The lion's ſpoils, the club's ſtrong knots, he ſaw.
Oft, he would aſk, whence came this hero-gueſt—
Yet fear, as oft, the riſing words repreſt;
Obtruſive they might ſeem, or ill-deſign'd—
Who knows the motions of another's mind?

Whilſt yet far off, the dogs ſagacious knew
Their coming by their tread and ſcent; and flew
From every part, and great ALCIDES bay'd;
But round the ſhepherd fawn'd, and whining play'd.
With threats he ſnatch'd the ſtones that looſely lay,
And drove the ſcattering maſtives far away;
While pleas'd, as ſilenc'd by his voice they fled,
To mark their guardian vigilance, he ſaid:
'Ye Gods! what uſeful animals are theſe!
'Heavens! how ſubſervient to the ſhepherd's eaſe!
'Had they but quick inſtinctive ſenſe to know
'The different aſpect of a friend or foe,

'No creature could outvie their honeſt worth—
'But ruſhing with an ill-tim'd fury forth,
'How fierce they bay'd!' He ſpoke—they diſappear'd,
And not the murmur of a growl was heard.

Meantime the ſun his weſtering car diſplay'd,
While Heſper glimmer'd through the cooling ſhade.
And now each ſhepherd of the prince beholds
Returning flocks, and ſpeeds them to their folds.
Then numerous oxen bend their winding way,
And herd ſucceeded herd, in long array.
Like vapors, that, as bluſtering winds impel,
Sail o'er the heavens, and ſtill condenſing, ſwell;
Cloud driv'n on cloud, in countleſs heaps ariſe,
And with incumbent blackneſs blot the ſkies;
Thus herds and flocks fill'd, thickening, every road,
And the deep vallies echoed as they low'd.
Now, crouded every fold and every ſtall,
See troops of ſlaves, with taſks aſſign'd to all—

To tame the friſky cow, through ſhackling weights,
Or give the fatt'ning calves their mother's teats,
Or bear the pails, or drive the bulls apart,
Or preſs the curdled cheeſe with nicer art.
From ſtall to ſtall the curious king repairs,
And marks the product of his rural cares.
His eyes o'er all the rich aſſemblage rove,
Whilſt, near, his ſon and great ALCIDES move.
Here (though his ſoul, to no mean views confin'd,
Scorn'd the weak wonder of the vulgar mind)
AMPHITRYON's offspring notes, with many a glance
Admiring, as his eager ſteps advance,
Such flocks, in crowds around, a countleſs hoſt—
Such myriad droves—a wealth ten kings might boaſt!
But to the ſun his ſire AUGIAS ow'd
A boon, on common mortals unbeſtow'd.
His herds increaſing ſnuff'd the zephyr's breath,
Nor felt the blaſts that blow contagious death.
His beauteous cows, with healthful vigor ſtrung,
Were never known to caſt the untimely young.

Fair female calves the thriving mothers rear,
The kind ſtill fairer each ſucceeding year.
With theſe, three hundred white-legg'd bulls were fed,
(Curl'd their ſmooth horns)—two hundred, gloſſy-red;
While, ſilver as the ſwan, in gambols run
Twelve, chief of all, and ſacred to the ſun!
Theſe, in the flowery paſtures kept apart,
Ruſh on the mountain-beaſts that, frequent, dart
From their deep thickets on the herd below;
Bellowing glance death, and gore the ſhaggy foe!

'Midſt theſe, proud PHAETON unrivall'd ſhone,
Whoſe proweſs and divine effulgence won,
The glory of the paſture-fields afar,
From ſwains the title of the *Morning-Star*.

Soon as around ALCIDES' ſhoulder ſpread
He ſaw the lion's ſpoils, his iron head
He daſh'd with rapid aim—in fury borne—
But, on the left, ALCIDES ſeiz'd his horn;

His ſtubborn neck dragg'd downwards to the ground,
And preſſing his broad ſhoulder, writh'd him round;
Then, ſtraining all the muſcles of his ſtrength,
Heav'd him aloft in air, and pois'd him at arm's length.
Huſh'd in the ſudden ſtillneſs of amaze,
The king, the prince, the gaping ruſtics gaze.

And now, retreating from the rural ſcene,
The prince and hero tread the twilight green,
To ELIS bent; and quick the path-way paſs
That narrow nigh the ſtalls, 'mid waving graſs,
Next led through vineyards, winding down the glade,
And indiſtinctly ſunk into the ſhade.
Then PHYLEUS, foremoſt as he trac'd the grove,
(His head half-turn'd) addreſs'd the ſon of JOVE:
'Your fame already, 'tis my ſtrong belief,
'Hath reach'd my wondering ears, O ſtranger chief!
'For here, long ſince an *Argive* ſhepherd drew,
'With ſtories of a *Greek* he ſwore were true,

'The *Epean* throng; and ſaid, he ſaw him ſlay
'A monſter-lion that had prowl'd for prey
'Midſt frighted ſwains, and long profan'd with blood
'The deep receſſes of the *Nemean* wood.
'The chieftain, whether ARGOS gave him birth,
'Or rocky TIRYNS claims the heroic worth,
'Or whether proud MYCENÆ were the place,
'If memory fail not, was of PERSEUS' race.
'No *Greek* but you ſuch actions could atchieve,
'This tawny ſkin inclines me to believe—
'This ſkin, whoſe awful honors grace your ſide,
'Speak the bold deed, and mark the beaſt that died.
'Say then, if you are he, as ſtories tell,
'He, by whoſe arm the ſavage prowler fell;
'Say, by what weapon pierc'd, the monſter bled,
'And what dire fate his wandering footſteps led
'To NEMEA? No ſuch beaſt our foreſts own;
'But bears and tuſky boars, and wolves alone,
'Are natives here.——Some mock'd the *Argive* youth,
'And ſcorn'd the amuſive tale, as void of truth.'

He ſpoke—and now, as broad enough for two
The ſocial path, inviting converſe, grew,
Walk'd all attentive by the hero's ſide,
Who thus, to gratify his wiſh, replied:
' The *Argive*'s ſtory you recount, is true;
' And hence, great prince, the juſt ſurmiſe you drew:
' Since then you aſk, enamour'd of my fame,
' How bled the furious beaſt, and whence he came;
' My tongue ſhall tell you, in authentic ſtrain,
' What other *Argives* might attempt in vain.
' Sent by ſome God, 'tis ſaid, the monſter flew
' In vengeance, 'mid the baſe *Phoronean* crew,
' For ſacrifice unpaid; and ruſh'd amain,
' One flood of carnage, through PISÆUM's plain;
' And o'er the *Bembinæan* glades, more fell,
' Bade all the deluge of his fury ſwell!
' EURISTHEUS firſt enjoin'd me to engage
' This beaſt, but wiſh'd me ſlain beneath his rage.
' Arm'd with my bow, my quiver'd ſhafts, I went,
' And graſp'd my club, on bold defiance bent—

'My knotted club, of ſtrong wild olive made;
'That, rugged, its unpoliſh'd rind diſplay'd;
'That with a wrench from HELICON I tore,
'Its roots and all, and thence the trophy bore.
'Soon as I reach'd the wood, I bent my bow,
'Firm-ſtrung its painted curve, and couching low,
'Notch'd on the nerve, its arrow—look'd around,
'And from my covert trac'd the foreſt-ground.
'Twas now high noon. No roar I heard, nor ſaw
'One print that might betray the prowler's paw;
'Nor ruſtic found, amidſt his paſtoral care,
'Nor herdſman, who might ſhew the lion's lair.
'Nor herds nor herdſmen venture to the plain;
'All, fix'd by terror, in their ſtalls remain.
'At length, as up the mountain-groves I go,
'Amidſt a thicket, I eſpy my foe:
'Ere evening, gorg'd with carnage and with blood,
'He fought his den deep-buried in the wood.
'Slaughter's black dyes—his face—his cheſt diſtain,
'And hang, ſtill blacker, from his clotted mane;

'While ſhooting out his tongue with foam beſmear'd,
'He licks the griſly gore that ſteep'd his beard.
'Midſt bowering ſhrubs I hid me from his view,
'Then aim'd an arrow, as he nearer drew,
'But from his flank the ſhaft rebounding flew.
'His fiery eyes he lifted from the ground,
'High rais'd his tawny head, and gaz'd around,
'And gnaſh'd his teeth tremendous—when again,
'(Vex'd that the firſt had ſpent its force in vain)
'I launch'd an arrow at the monſter's heart;
'It flew—but left unpierc'd the vital part:
'His ſhaggy hide repulſive of the blow,
'The feather'd vengeance hiſs'd, and fell below.
'My bow, once more, with vehemence I tried—
'Then firſt he ſaw—and riſing in the pride
'Of lordly anger, to the fight impell'd,
'Scourg'd with his laſhing tail his ſides, and ſwell'd
'His brindled neck, and bent into a bow
'His back, in act to bound upon his foe!

' As when a wheeler his tough fig-tree bends,
' And flexile to a wheel each felly tends,
' Through gradual heat—awhile the timber ſtands
' In curves, then ſprings elaſtic from his hands;
' Thus the fell beaſt, high bounding from afar,
' Sprung, with a ſudden impulſe, to the war.
' My left hand held my darts, and round my breaſt
' Spread, thickly-wrought, my ſtrong protecting veſt.
' My olive club I wielded in my right;
' And his ſhagg'd temples ſtruck, with all my might:
' The olive ſnapp'd aſunder on his head—
' Trembling he reel'd—the ſavage fierceneſs fled
' From his dimm'd eyes; and all contus'd his brain
' Seem'd ſwimming in an agony of pain.
' This—this I mark'd; and ere the beaſt reſpir'd,
' Flung down my painted bow; with triumph fir'd,
' Seiz'd inſtant his broad neck; behind him preſt
' From his fell claws unſheath'd to guard my breaſt;
' And twin'd, quick-mounting on his horrid back,
' My legs in his, to guard from an attack

'My griping thighs—then heav'd him (as the breath
'Loſt its laſt ſtruggles in the gaſp of death)
'Aloft in air; and hail'd the ſavage dead!
'Hell yawn'd—to hell his monſter-ſpirit fled!
'The conqueſt o'er, awhile I vainly tried
'To ſtrip with ſtone and ſteel the ſhaggy hide;
'Some God inſpir'd me, in the ſerious pauſe
'Of thought, and pointed to the lion's claws.
'With theſe full ſoon the proſtrate beaſt I flay'd,
'And in the ſhielding ſpoils my limbs array'd.
'Thus drench'd with flocks and herds and ſhepherds' blood,
'Expir'd the monſter of the *Nemean* wood.'

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE BACCHÆ.

THE bright AGAVE, with her cheeks of ſnow,
And INO, kindling with a ſacred glow,
And wild AUTONOE, had reſolv'd to keep
Three myſtic revels on the mountain-ſleep!
There, on a ſpot wide-opening in the grove,
They rear'd twelve verdant altars, rudely wove
With branches of hoar oak, and ivy green,
And golden aſphodel, that ſhone between.

Then, while to beauteous SEMELE divine
Three ſhrines aroſe—to holier BACCHUS nine,
On the freſh fabric of the leafy ſpray
Their gifts, in honor of the God, they lay:

Myſterious gifts, in oſier baſkets brought,
And offer'd with the rites he lov'd and taught.

But PENTHEUS from a rock the rites ſurvey'd,
Embower'd amidſt a maſtic's antient ſhade.
AUTONOE ſaw, with inſtant yellings flew,
The hallow'd veſſels of the God o'erthrew,
(Too ſacred for the vulgar glance) and cries
'Revenge!' as frenzy flaſhes from her eyes!
Down—down they hurried, by fell fury led,
Tuck'd their long robes, and ruſh'd where PENTHEUS fled!
'What means this rage? what means'——he breathleſs cried;
'Wretch, thou ſhalt feel!' AUTONOE fierce replied.
Strait in his blood her hands the mother drench'd,
While roaring, like a lioneſs, ſhe wrench'd
His ſunder'd head! And INO, as ſhe preſt
Infuriate with her foot, the royal breaſt,
His ſhoulders from the writhing body tore,
And dread AUTONOE, rioting in gore.

Seiz'd, with a horrid howl, upon his heart;
And ev'ry madd'ning female ſnatch'd a part,
All ſtain'd with carnage, as through THEBES they go,
And bear not PENTHEUS from the mount, but woe!

Such was his fate: and O! let none preſume
To tempt, with wicked ſcorn, ſo dire a doom;
Nor mock the God, and deem himſelf ſecure,
In youth though blooming, though in age mature.

For me, may I the juſt—the pious love,
And hence gain favor in the ſight of JOVE.
From ſuch, ſure bleſſings to their offspring flow;
From impious fires, hereditary woe!
Hail, BACCHUS, foſter'd in the Thunderer's thigh;
Hail, SEMELE! And ye, who from on high
Deriv'd the fires your righteous rage diſplay'd,
And gave your kindred ~~king~~ to PLUTO's ſhade.
Hail, heroines! hail! Let none your fury blame!
Let none condemn the Gods! a God inſpir'd the flame!

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

DAPHNIS AND SHEPHERDESS.

DAPHNIS.

YOUNG PARIS the *Trojan*, who tended his herd,
To the fair-ones of TROY a *Greek* beauty preferr'd.
He ſtole the gay charmer, an amorous felon;
I boaſt a free kiſs from a ſweeter than HELEN!

SHEPHERDESS.

A kiſs is ſo empty: You ſatyr!—Poh! poh!

DAPHNIS.

And yet there's ſome pleaſure in kiſſing, I trow!
[Kiſſes her.]

SHEPHERDESS.

I wipe then my mouth, and your kiſſes diſdain!

DAPHNIS.

Do you wipe? Come, I'm ready for buſſing again—

SHEPHERDESS.

Kiſs your heifers; nor worry a virgin, you lout!

DAPHNIS.

Indeed! but remember, though now you may flout,
That your beauty, however 'tis held in eſteem,
Will fade, haughty girl, and be gone, like a dream.

SHEPHERDESS.

The grape, when it's dried, is delicious in taſte,
And the roſe is ſtill ſweet when its bluſhes are paſt.

DAPHNIS.

Come hither; I've ſomething to whiſper, my maid—
Theſe wild olives form an agreeable ſhade.

SHEPHERDESS.

No—no—Mr. Wag! 'tis a little too ſoon
To be dup'd ſo again!

DAPHNIS.

Then I'll play you a tune
Beneath yonder elms!

SHEPHERDESS.

Go, and play to yourſelf!

I cannot attend to ſo wretched an elf!

DAPHNIS.

Ah, maiden, of VENUS's anger beware!

SHEPHERDESS.

Her anger! DIANA alone is my care!

DAPHNIS.

Take heed, leſt the Goddeſs, whom thus you defy,

Should rivet a knot you may never untie!

SHEPHERDESS.

No fear, while DIANA continues to watch;

Be quiet—hands off—or, I ſwear, I will ſcratch.

DAPHNIS.

You may vaunt, as you like, your ſlim delicate ſhape—

But the fate of your ſex you can never eſcape!

SHEPHERDESS.

Believe me, by PAN, I'll be never a wife;

But may you bear the yoke, all the days of your life!

DAPHNIS.

In the end, I much fear you will marry ſome brute.

SHEPHERDESS.

Many wooers I've had, but no wooer would ſuit!

DAPHNIS.

What think you of me?

SHEPHERDESS.

Why, my friend, without jeſt,

I think HYMEN's yoke is a burthen, at beſt.

DAPHNIS.

No: marriage is nothing but pleaſure—

SHEPHERDESS.

When wives

By their huſbands are terrified out of their lives!

DAPHNIS.

No, maiden, the fact is, that wives domineer:

Whom was ever a woman diſcover'd to fear?

SHEPHERDESS.

I'm moſt of the perils of child-birth afraid—

DAPHNIS.

Your guardian DIANA's a midwife by trade!

SHEPHERDESS.

Yet I tremble! it ruins, at laſt, the complexion!

DAPHNIS.

Your children will make up the loſs in affection!

SHEPHERDESS.

But where is my jointure, if I ſhould conſent?

DAPHNIS.

My fields and my woodlands, in all their extent,
With my flocks and my herds—

SHEPHERDESS.

Then an oath you ſhall take
That you love me with truth, and will never forſake.

DAPHNIS.

Yes, though you endeavour to force me away,
By PAN, whom we worſhip, I ſwear I will ſtay.

SHEPHERDESS.

Will you build me a lodging, and ſheep-cote, and bed?

DAPHNIS.

Yes all—and my paſtures with flocks are o'erſpread.

SHEPHERDESS.

But how ſhall I tell my old father my love?

DAPHNIS.

No fear: If you mention my name, he'll approve.

SHEPHERDESS.

Pray what are you call'd? There are charms in a name—

DAPHNIS.

I'm DAPHNIS: My father, of muſical fame,
Old LYCID: My mother, NOMEA.

SHEPHERDESS.

The blood
Runs rich in your veins; and yet mine is as good.

DAPHNIS.

Not better, beſure; for your father I know—
MENALCAS, who lives in the valley below.

SHEPHERDESS.

Then ſhew me your groves; and the cote where it lies.

DAPHNIS.

Come hither; and mark how my cypreſſes riſe!

SHEPHERDESS.

Browſe yonder, my goats, while I haſte to the grove!

DAPHNIS.

And feed, my brave bulls—while I wanton in love!

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IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE DISTAFF.

FRIEND to the woof, each thrifty matron's care,
O thou, the azure-ey'd MINERVA's meed,
Thy poet's charge, to NILEUS' towers repair,
Where riſes VENUS' fane, embower'd in reed!
Thither we aſk fair winds to waft us o'er,
That NICIAS, by the ſweet-ton'd Graces bleſt,
Their hallow'd offſpring, may with letter'd lore
And friendly converſe charm his welcome gueſt.
Thee, *Diſtaff*, thee of poliſh'd ivory fram'd,
I bear, meet preſent to his lovely wife:
So ſhall her frugal induſtry be fam'd,
The genuine model of domeſtic life;
Whilſt her fine veſts ſhall manly limbs adorn,
The flowing garment, or the robe ſuccinct;

While o'er her water'd webs by females worn,
  Floats the rich luſtre of the ſhadowy tinct.
The fleece's treaſure, each revolving year,
  Twice the ſhorn mother of the lamb ſupplies;
For her who holds each toil—each ſcience dear,
  That gains the ſtamp of merit from the wife.
Nor would I bear thee, *Diſtaff*, to the dome,
  Where diſſipation reigns, and idle mirth;
Thee, who, amidſt SICILIA's paſture-bloom,
  Traceſt to ARCHIAS' city-walls thy birth.
A happier manſion be thy lot to gain,
  Where lives my friend, whoſe health-reſtoring aid
Lulls with ſalubrious balms the throbs of pain,
  And guards MILETUS' ſons from PLUTO's ſhade.
Thus ſhall thy fair poſſeſſor riſe in fame,
  By thee recall to mind her tuneful gueſt;
And many a-one, that marks thee, ſhall exclaim,
  'Though but a trivial favor be poſſeſt,
'Tis for the giver's ſake the gift we boaſt,
'And what a friend beſtows we value moſt!'

IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-NINTH.

THE CAPRICIOUS FRIEND.

SINCE '*Truth's in Wine*,' my deareſt youth,
We mellow ſouls ſhould ſpeak the truth:
Take then, for once, without diſguiſe,
What in my inmoſt boſom lies.

Thy friendſhip is not ſound and whole;
Thou doſt not love me from the ſoul.
The half of life I call my own
Lives but through thee—the reſt is gone!
'Tis thine to make alive or kill;
To bleſs with good, or curſe with ill:
For inſtant, at thy pow'rful nod,
I ſink a ſhade! or riſe a God!

How can thy heart approve it, tell,
To torture one who loves ſo well?
But, if thy ſenior pleas'd to hear,
Thou lend advice a liſtening ear,
Thy ready plaudits will commend,
When bleſſings come, a faithful friend.

To gain ſecurity and reſt,
Build on one tree a ſingle neſt;
And ſuch a bough be ſure to take
As mocks the approaches of the ſnake.
Yet, perch'd on yonder branch, to-day,
The next, upon another ſpray,
With roving pinion thou art gone!
Allur'd by all, but fix'd to none:
If any one who ſees thee vain,
Praiſe thy deſerts, in canting ſtrain,
Good heaven! he's inſtantly enroll'd
Among thy friends, however old.

But love, if thou wilt truly live,
A ſoul whoſe kindred feelings give
A zeſt to life: Thus all ſhall prize
Thy character, and deem thee wiſe.
And, ſure, ſuch friendſhip's worth poſſeſſing,
That, while 'tis bleſt, is ever bleſſing;
That bade my ſtubborn boſom feel,
And ſoften'd thus a heart of ſteel!

IDYLLIUM THE THIRTIETH.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

WHEN, his roſy color fled,
VENUS ſaw her lover dead,
Stiff his hair, and cloſ'd his eyes—
'Cupids, go, (ſhe frantic cries)
'Trace the boar through all the wood,
'Stain'd with my ADONIS' blood!'

Swift as birds, each flutt'ring Love
Haſtens through the mazy grove:
Soon the guilty boar they find,
Fearleſs run, and ſeize, and bind.
This, to guide the beaſt along,
Panting, pulls his cord of thong;

That, to make the felon go,
Beats him with his little bow.
He an eaſy captive led,
Aw'd by VENUS, hung his head.
VENUS thus, in angry ſtrain:
'Felleſt of the prowling train!
'Didſt thou wound ADONIS' thigh?
'Didſt thou cauſe my love to die?'

He replied: 'O VENUS, hear!
'By thyſelf, and lover dear;
By the chains with which I'm bound;
'By the hunters ſtanding round;
'Never did my erring tooth
'Mean to pierce ſo fair a youth!
'But when he ſurpriz'd my ſight,
'As a poliſh'd ſtatue bright;
'And, my rapture riſing high,
'I ſurvey'd his naked thigh;

'Ah! not able to reſiſt,
'Furiouſly I ran and kiſt!
'To a fatal frenzy wrought—
'Too much paſſion was my fault!
'Now, for thy ADONIS' ſake,
'Take my tuſks, all bloody, take!
'Take my lips beſide, if theſe
'Prove too trivial to appeaſe!'

She, in pity to his pain,
Bade her CUPIDS looſe his chain.
But, though free, the grateful boar,
Ranging in the woods no more,
Follow'd cloſe CYTHERA's Queen;
And his cruel tuſks ſo keen
(That had glow'd with amorous fire)
Burnt amid the blazing pyre!

EPIGRAMS.

I.

OFFERINGS to the MUSES and APOLLO.

THESE dewy roſes, and this wildling thyme,
I offer to the ſacred NINE, who love
The *Heliconian* hill: But lo, to thee,
APOLLO, I devote the laurel's leaves,
Of ſabler hue. Such offerings oft adorn
The *Delphic* rock! And, meantime, to enrich
Thy altar with its purple ſtream, ſhall bleed
Yon' horn'd he-goat, that crops, ſo ſnowy-white,
The pendent branches of the gummy pine.

II.

An OFFERING to PAN.

DAPHNIS the fair, who tunes the reed,
To PAN theſe preſents hath decreed:
Three pipes his lips that deftly ſuit;
A ſcrip, that oft hath borne his fruit;
A ſkin, which from a fawn he took—
A pointed dart, a ſhepherd's crook!

III.

To DAPHNIS Sleeping.

WHILE, DAPHNIS, on the leaf-ſtrown ground, you ſleep
Your weary body in the dews of ſleep;
And on the green hill-top your ſnares are laid—
With PAN, who hunts where erſt your footſteps ſtray'd,
The rude PRIAPUS haſtens to your cave—
See on his brows the ſaffron ivy wave!
But fly them, though the ſultry noon-day glows,
Fly the wild revellers, and forego repoſe!

IV.

A VOW to PRIAPUS.

HAPLY through yonder village if thou bend
Thy footſteps, turn thee, goatherd, by the grove
Of wide o'er-arching oaks: There, freſhly wrought,
A fig-tree ſtatue thou wilt find; though rough
With bark, three-legg'd, and void of ears, yet prompt
For pleaſure's pranks: While, near, a hallow'd fane
Low riſes; and a ſweet perennial ſpring
Flows tinkling from the living rock, that gleams
Through bowering laurel, myrtles, and the ſhrub
Of odour'd cypreſs—where the cluſtering vine
Diffuſes many a tendril. In theſe ſhades
The vernal blackbird warbles his clear note
Yet varied; and the yellow nightingale,
Reſponſive in a ſweeter murmur, trills
Her rival minſtrelſy. Amid this ſcene
Repoſe; and to thy God PRIAPUS pray,
That he will free my boſom from the power

Of cruel DAPHNE! So the bleeding goat
Shall grace his ſhrine! Yet haply, if I gain
The virgin, theſe fair victims will I ſlay—
A goat, a ſpotleſs heifer, and a lamb
Fat from the ſtall! Propitious may the God
Attend; and crown my wiſhes, and thy prayer!

V.

THE CONCERT.

SAY, ſwain, haſt thou a mind to ſuit
Some ditty to thy double flute?
For by the Wood-Nymphs, if thou will,
I'll try a tune upon my quill:
The herdſman DAPHNIS too ſhall play,
On his wax'd reed, a lively lay;
While at the cave our ſtand we keep
Near von' hoar oak, and rob of ſleep
ARCADIA's God—the goatherd PAN—
Rouſing the ſnorer, all we can!

VI.

THYRSIS hath loſt his Kid.

AH, THYRSIS! what avails this waſting woe?
Thy loſt kid wanders through the ſhades below!
The wolf hath torn him on the paſture-plain;
He died—And can thy tears bring life again?
Thy very dogs exclaim, 'What boots thy moan?
'When nought of him remains—no—not a bone!'

VII.

On the STATUE of ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE ſon of PÆON to MILETUS came,
To meet his NICIAS, of illuſtrious name:
He, in deep reverence of his gueſt divine,
Deck'd with the daily ſacrifice his ſhrine;
And of the God this cedar ſtatue bought—
A finiſh'd work, by ſkill'd EËTION wrought.
The ſculptor, with a laviſh ſum repay'd,
Here all the wonders of his art diſplay'd!

VIII.

EPITAPH on ORTHON, who died drunk.

THUS ORTHON cries—My fate, ye topers, mark,
And travel not, top-heavy, in the dark!
Drunk on the road I died! How hard my doom—
For heaps of native earth, a foreign tomb!

IX.

On the FATE of CLEONICUS.

O Stranger, ſpare thy ſpan of life,
Nor fail through winter's ſtormy ſtrife!
Poor CLEONICUS found his grave
In evil hour, amidſt the wave;
What time his ſhip from SYRIA bore
Her freight for THASOS' fertile ſhore:
The Pleiads ſinking down the ſkies—
'Twas then he ſunk, no more to riſe!

X.

On a MONUMENT erected to the MUSES.

HERE, XENOCLES, to you, ye hallow'd NINE,
A ſweet muſician, rais'd this marble ſhrine!
And who, ſo ſkill'd, ſuch offerings could refuſe?
Who, fam'd for muſic, could forget the MUSE?

XI.

EPITAPH on EUSTHENES the Phyſiognomiſt.

HERE reſts a Phyſiognomiſt, whoſe ſkill
Through every eye could probe the ſoul at will,
Wiſe EUSTHENES! The ſtranger deck'd his bier,
And PHILOCLES the poet dropp'd a tear:
Thus, in a foreign land, fond friendſhip gave,
'Twas all the dead could wiſh, a decent grave!

XII.

On a TRIPOD
Dedicated to BACCHUS by DEMOTELES.

DEMOTELES who bade this tripod grace,
BACCHUS, with thee, the conſecrated place;
(Thee, of Heaven's Deities the blytheſt God)
The paths of life, in all things temperate, trod:
Amid the dance the manly prize he won,
And fair his being clos'd, as he begun.

XIII.

On the IMAGE of the Heavenly VENUS.

APPROACH with reverence—and your offerings pay!
Behold no Goddeſs of the vulgar here!
The gift of chaſte CHRYSOGONA ſurvey,
And ſtile her VENUS of the rolling ſphere.
Plac'd in the houſe of AMPHICLES, ſhe ſaw
Her votary ſteady in domeſtic life:

Approv'd her, true to nature's genuine law,
A tender mother, and as fond a wife.
Each ſmiling year with ſome new bleſſing came,
Through thee, protectreſs of their genial ſtore!
Lo! their pure boſoms felt devotion's flame—
And all ſhall proſper who the Gods adore!

XIV.

EPITAPH on EURYMEDON.

HERE, doom'd in early life to die,
EURYMEDON, thy relics lie!
Thy little wandering ſon we ſee,
While the cold earth incloſes thee:
Yet is thy ſpirit with the bleſt,
Enthron'd amid the realms of reſt!
And all ſhall watch, with duteous care,
For thy dear ſake, the infant-heir!

XV.

On the Same.

DOST thou an equal honor pay
To ſacred or polluted clay?
'Hail yonder tomb! (the traveller cries)
'Light on EURYMEDON it lies!

XVI.

On ANACREON's STATUE.

THIS ſtatue mark with curious eye,
O ſtranger, and returning cry:
'At TEIOS I've ANACREON ſeen,
'Blytheſt of antient Bards I ween!
'Add, that he lov'd the young, the fair—
'You'll paint the Poet to a hair!'

XVII.

On EPICHARMUS.

THE ſtrain is in the *Dorian* tongue:
Lo, EPICHARMUS!—from whoſe genius ſprung
Thy numbers, Comic Muſe!
O BACCHUS, let this image paſs—
Though 'tis a copy but of braſs,
The finiſh'd ſemblance ſtands at SYRACUSE.

And much the ſtate the poet owes;
For he had ſtores of uſeful wit for thoſe
Who gave the juſt reward:
Full many a rule of life he drew,
Still pointing to the fair, the true,
The youthful mind: High favor crowns the bard.

XVIII.

EPITAPH on CLITA, the Nurſe of MEDEUS.

THIS tomb-ſtone in the public way
MEDEUS rear'd o'er CLITA's clay!
Her care ſtill lives before our eyes,
Whilſt, in the boy, the nurſe we prize!

XIX.

On ARCHILOCHUS.

PAUSE, ſtranger, and ARCHILOCHUS ſurvey—
That antient Poet, whoſe Iambic name
Is borne by rapid fame
Ev'n from the riſing to the ſetting day!

And ſure, the inſpiring MUSES lov'd their child;
And *Delian* PHŒBUS on his keener verſe
Which flow'd, exact and terſe,
To his according lyre, in fondneſs ſmil'd!

XX.

On the STATUE of PISANDER,
Who wrote a Poem, entitled 'The Labors of Hercules.'

PISANDER at CAMIRUS born,
The firſt of Bards, whoſe ſtrains adorn
JOVE's offſpring, while his peerleſs might,
His various labors they recite;
And, how the *Nemean* lion fell,
Bold in heroic diction, tell—
PISANDER claims, in glory great,
This brazen ſtatue from the ſtate!

XXI.

EPITAPH on the Poet HIPPONAX.

THE Poet HIPPONAX lies here:
If bad, O come not, come not near!
But, if you're good, here ſit at eaſe—
And ſleep, O ſtranger, if you pleaſe!

XXII.

THEOCRITUS on his own Works.

THEOCRITUS my name, of SYRACUSE,
I claim no kindred with the *Chian* Muſe!
PRAXAG'RAS' and PHILINA's ſon, I ſcorn
The extrinſic bays that others' brows adorn!

THE
IDYLLIA
AND
FRAGMENTS
OF
BION.

ΚΕΙΝΟΣ Δ'ΟΥ ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥΣ, ΟΥ ΔΑΚΡΥΑ, ΠΑΝΑ Δ'ΕΜΕΛΠΕ,
ΚΑΙ ΒΩΤΑΣ ΕΛΙΓΑΙΝΕ, ΚΑΙ ΑΕΙΔΩΝ ΕΝΟΜΕΥΕ,
——————————— ΚΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ
ΕΤΡΕΦΕΝ ΕΝ ΚΟΛΠΟΙΣΙ, ΚΑΙ ΗΡΕΣΕ ΤΗΝ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗΝ.

MOSCHUS.

HE SUNG THE DARLING OF THE IDALIAN QUEEN,
FALN IN HIS PRIME ON SAD CYTHERA's GREEN;
WHERE WEEPING GRACES LEFT THE FADED PLAINS,
AND TUN'D THEIR STRINGS TO ELEGIAC STRAINS;
WHILE MOURNING LOVES THE TENDER BURDEN BORE:
' ADONIS, FAIR ADONIS, CHARMS NO MORE.'

JONES's ARCADIA.

IDYLLIUM THE FIRST.

The EPITAPH on ADONIS.

'PERISH'D ADONIS!' my full ſorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
Riſe, hapleſs Queen, thy purple robes forego—
Leave thy gay couch, and ſnatch the weeds of woe
Beat—beat thy breaſt, and tell: 'Though fair he ſhone,
'Alas, ADONIS, though ſo fair, is gone!

'Periſh'd, ADONIS!' my full ſorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
I ſee his thigh in weltering horror bare,
The wound all open to the mountain-air.

He breathes! Yet, yet his eyes a pale miſt dims,
As the black crimſon ſtains his ſnowy limbs:
Lo! from his lips the roſy color flies,
And ev'n thy ſoothing kiſs, O VENUS, dies!
That kiſs (I view thy anguiſh'd image near)
That laſt fond kiſs, to thee ſo doubly-dear!
But the vain ardors of thy love give o'er—
Cold—cold he lies, and feels thy breath no more.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full ſorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
Priz'd in the chace his dogs ſtand howling round,
And the pale OREADS mourn the fatal wound.
The *Cyprian* Queen abandon'd to deſpair
(A deeper wound her heart was doom'd to bear)
Wanders amidſt the thickets of the wood,
Her torn unſandal'd feet diſtain'd with blood;
And, her wild treſſes floating in the gale,
Wails her *Aſſyrian* Lord, through many a long, long vale!

But on the mountain-brow ADONIS lies,
Nor hears one echo of her ceaſeleſs cries;
While, ſpouting from his thigh, the ſtreams of gore
His boſom erſt ſo white empurple o'er.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full ſorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply
Lo! VENUS blooms no more in beauty's pride;
With him her graces liv'd! with him they died!
Thoſe vivid bluſhes—thoſe entrancing charms—
That form glow'd only for ADONIS' arms!
The mountain-ſprings—the rivers, as they flow—
And the hill-oaks re-murmur to her woe!
The flow'rets bluſh, in ſorrow, at her feet;
While ſad in every grove, through every ſtreet
CYTHERA chaunts: 'Thy favourite Youth is fled!'
Ah, VENUS, mourn the fair ADONIS dead!
Reſponſive echo ſighs!—Who, who can hear
The lovelorn Goddeſs moan, without a tear?

Soon as ſhe ſaw her lover preſs the ground,
Wither'd his crimſon thigh, and wide the wound,
She ſtretch'd her trembling arms, and deeply ſigh'd;
And 'Stay, dear Youth, a moment ſtay,' (ſhe cried)
'That I may claſp thee, on thy breaſt recline,
'Suck thy faint breath, and glue my lips to thine!
'One tender token, dear ADONIS, give—
'Yet a ſhort moment, while thy kiſſes live!
'Then, as in death thy ſinking eyes ſhall roll,
'I'll catch the quiv'ring ſpirit of thy ſoul,
'Draw its quick flame, rekindled as we part;
'Drink thy fond love, and ſtore it in the heart!
'Thus the laſt relic of affection take,
'And here incloſe it, for thy charming ſake!
'Far—far from me, to PLUTO's ſpectred coaſt,
'Belov'd ADONIS! flies thy gentle ghoſt!
'Wretch that I am, to breathe immortal breath,
'That cannot join thee in the realms of death!
'Queen of the ſhades, whom Fate hath giv'n to ſhare
'Whatever blooms on earth, or good or fair;

'Far happier thou, take all my ſoul adores!
'He comes, bleſt Queen, he haſtens to thy ſhores!
'Alas! while here my fruitleſs ſorrows ſtream,
'Love, golden love, is vaniſh'd as a dream:
'Their wanton charms no more my CUPIDS own;
'They droop, and periſh'd is my virgin zone.
'Why, form'd ſo fair, with every ſofter grace,
'Why, ſweet ADONIS, urge the ſavage chace?'
Thus VENUS griev'd: and—'Ah! thy joys are o'er'—
Her CUPIDS ſobb'd—'ADONIS is no more.'

Wide as her lover's torrent-blood appears,
So copious flow'd the fountain of her tears!
The roſe ſtarts bluſhing from the ſanguine dyes,
And from her tears anemonies ariſe.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full ſorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
But ceaſe to ſigh unpitied to the groves
The hapleſs ſtory of thy vaniſh'd loves!

His velvet couch ſurvey—nor longer weep—
See his fair limbs, and mark his beauteous ſleep!
Come, let the bridal veſt thoſe limbs infold,
And pillow his repoſing head in gold!
Though fix'd in death its pallid features frown,
That viſage with the flowery chaplet crown!
Alas! no flowerets boaſt their glowing pride:
With him their fragrance, and their color, died!
Shade him with myrtles—pour the rich perfumes—
No—periſh ev'ry ſweet!—No more ADONIS blooms!
His pale corſe cover'd with a purple veſt,
Behold he lies! And lo! the LOVES diſtreſt
Shear their bright locks, in agony of woe,
And ſpurn the uſeleſs dart, and break the bow!
Some quick unbind his buſkin'd leg, and bring
In golden urns pure water from the ſpring;
While others gently bathe the bleeding wound,
Or with light pinions fan him, fluttering round.
See HYMEN quench his torch, in wild deſpair,
And ſcatter the connubial wreath in air!

For nuptial ſongs, the dirge funereal ſighs,
While HYMEN ſorrows, and ADONIS dies!
The GRACES mourn their ſweet ADONIS ſlain;
And louder ev'n than thou, DIONE, plain!
Hark, from the NINE elegiac accents fall,
(Each plaintive cadence murmuring, to recall
Their favorite bard) ſolicitous to ſave—
Ah! can he hear? or croſs th' irremeable wave?
Yet, VENUS, ceaſe: Thy tears awhile forego—
Reſerve thy ſorrows for the year of woe!

IDYLLIUM THE SECOND.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

ONCE a youth, as he fowl'd in the midſt of a grove,
On the branch of a box-tree ſaw fugitive LOVE:
In triumph he leap'd; and, in hopes of a prize,
(For he thought it a bird of a wonderful ſize)
Selected and join'd his beſt twigs for a ſnare;
Then mark'd CUPID hopping, now here, and now there.
Impatient, at length, at ſo vain a delay,
He flung all his twigs, in a paſſion, away;
And eager his marvellous tale to impart,
Ran up to the man who had taught him his art:
And while the old ruſtic ſtood holding the plough,
Pointed out the ſtrange bird that had perch'd on a bough.

The Countryman, ſhaking his head, with a ſmile,
Said archly: ‘ Ah, try not with twigs to beguile
‘ Such dangerous game—O avoid it, my boy!
‘ 'Tis a fell bird of prey, and but form'd to deſtroy.
‘ Thrice happy, if never you catch him!—then ſhun
‘ A frolic, whoſe end will have nothing of fun!
‘ For, believe me, erelong, when to manhood you riſe,
‘ Though now, ſimple youth, as you follow, he flies;
‘ His pinions around you he'll ſuddenly ſpread,
‘ And familiarly flutter, and perch on your head.

IDYLLIUM THE THIRD.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

WHILE yet aſleep, ere dawning day,
Sooth'd by delightful dreams I lay,
Beſide me VENUS ſeem'd to ſtand,
Young CUPID in her lily hand—
(Meek on the ground his eyes were caſt)
When, whiſpering thus, away ſhe paſt:
'To you my little ſon I bring:
'Dear ſhepherd, teach the boy to ſing.'
I, ſimple ſwain, and void of thought,
Full many an ancient ditty taught,
That, all in ruſtic numbers, tell
How HERMES form'd the vocal ſhell;
How PALLAS firſt compos'd the flute;
And how, the ſhepherd's lip to ſuit,

PAN join'd his reeds; and fraught with fire,
How ſweet APOLLO ſtrung the lyre.
But he, regardleſs of the ſtrain,
Soon render'd every leſſon vain;
While, ſinging lighter lays of love,
' How VENUS had the power to move
' Both Gods and men with ſubtle art,'
The urchin ſtole into my heart.
Then I, my ruſtic ditties o'er,
Remember'd what I taught, no more,
But, ſimple ſwain, and void of thought,
Learnt the light love-ſongs CUPID taught.

IDYLLIUM THE FOURTH.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE MUSES, not afraid of LOVE,
Where'er he treads, delighted rove.
If ſome rude ſwain who never knew
The charms of LOVE their ſteps purſue,
Their leſſons they refuſe to teach,
And fly beyond the ruſtic's reach!
But if a melting ſhepherd ſigh,
And all in love-ſick ditties die;
Their kindred chorus gathering round
Lend muſic to each ſoften'd ſound!
My numbers, as I tune the ſhell,
Can witneſs, 'tis a truth I tell.

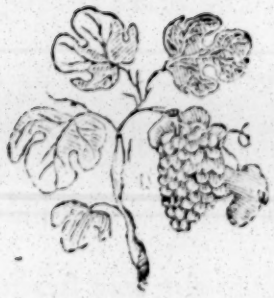
For, if I ſing ſome ſon of earth,
Or being of immortal birth,
The weak notes faulter on my tongue,
Nor flow ſuch lays as erſt I ſung:
But if I warble LOVE again,
How ſweetly glides my wonted ſtrain!

IDYLLIUM THE FIFTH.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

IF merit ſtamp my verſes fair,
My name through time be theirs to bear:
But if unbleſt my MUSE's lore,
Why vainly ſhould I labour more?
Should JOVE, or ſhould the PARCÆ give
Frail man a double life to live,
One part the lot of toil decree,
And yet aſſign the reſt to glee;
Then, after many a labor paſt,
Gay joy would meet us at the laſt.
But if the Gods have given to man
Of life but one contracted ſpan,
Why, wretches, do we thus impair
The pittance, in purſuit of care?

Why thus apply our ſouls to gain,
And heap up wealth with hourly pain?
Alas! how thoughtleſs, we forget
That nature claims her final debt;
That wing'd by fate our moments fly—
That, mortals, we were born to die!



IDYLLIUM THE SIXTH.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

CLEODAMUS.

SAY, whilſt each ſeaſon ſpeeds its circling race,
Whoſe ſweet impreſſion leaves the livelieſt trace?
Say, MYRSON, does the Summer charm thee moſt,
When richly crown'd our finiſh'd toils we boaſt?
Or Autumn, waving wide its redd'ning grain,
Or Winter, welcome to the lazy ſwain;
As, with the jovial partners of his lot,
He hails the cheerful blaze that gilds his cot?
Or, hath ſoft Spring the unrivall'd power to pleaſe?
Speak, MYRSON, ſince we ſeem reclin'd at eaſe.

MYRSON.

'Tis not, my friend, for mortals to define
What's faireſt of creation's works divine.

All-hallow'd are the Seaſons' changeful train,
And nature varies not a ſcene in vain.
Yet, (in my eyes the loveliеſt and the beſt)
One ſeaſon ſhines ſuperior to the reſt.
Not Summer, ſultry with her dying breeze;
Nor Autumn, dropping fruits that breed diſeaſe;
Nor Winter, hoar amid his drifted ſnows—
'Tis Spring the balm of ſweeteſt bliſs beſtows!
'Tis Spring that, trebly to my wiſhes dear,
My heart could welcome through the purple year.
No cold or heat diſturbs the vernal air,
While from each bud the gales ambroſia bear:
Then all the living blooms of plenty riſe;
And equal days and nights divide the ſkies.

IDYLLIUM THE SEVENTH.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON and LYCIDAS.

MYRSON.

THE dulcet notes, dear LYCID, wilt thou play,
Of ſome *Sicilian* lover's melting lay?
Such as the CYCLOPS ſung, the rocks among,
To ſoothe his GALATEA with a ſong?

LYCIDAS.

With pleaſure, MYRSON, thy requeſt I grant—
But ſay, what ditty would'ſt thou have me chaunt?

MYRSON.

PELIDES ſing (and catch the *Scyrian* grace)
Sing the ſtol'n kiſſes and the ſtol'n embrace!

Tell how the youth, his ſex belying, dreſt
His manly body in a female veſt!
And how DEIDAMIA quaintly play'd
With her unknown ACHILLES—deem'd a maid!

LYCIDAS.

When PARIS bore to TROY the raviſh'd fair,
And plung'd his lorn ŒNONE in deſpair,
Indignant SPARTA mark'd the treacherous foe;
GREECE felt the alarm, and aim'd the hoſtile blow:
Rous'd by the inſulting rape, her ſtates afar
In dire commotion breath'd revenge and war.
To ILION's towers each hero bent his way—
But, loſt in ſoft diſguiſe, ACHILLES lay!
'Midſt LYCOMEDES' lovely train he ſigh'd;
The fleece, for arms, in ſweet delirium ply'd;
And ſtole, amid his labours of the loom,
The virgin languiſh, and the virgin bloom!
Like theirs, his heaving boſom ſeem'd to glow,
And the flower brighten on his cheeks of ſnow!

His gait like theirs, he mov'd with ſwimming air,
And ſhaded with a veil his flowing hair!
Yet his heart own'd the military fire,
And felt the manly throbbings of deſire!
By ſweet DEIDAMIA's ſide, all day—
From morn to night entranc'd in love, he lay!
Oft kiſs'd her hand, with amorous dalliance warm,
And ſhed the enamour'd tear, and claſp'd her form.
With her, ſole comrade of his board, he meſs'd;
And oft to ſhare his bed the virgin preſt.
Thus would he ſay: 'While we aſunder keep,
'Behold, in ſocial pairs your ſiſters ſleep!
'Though thus in friendly converſe we delight,
'That wicked wall divides us every night!

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IDYLLIUM THE EIGHTH.

LOVE RESISTLESS.

SWEET VENUS, daughter of the ſea,
How comes ſuch bitter pain from thee?
From thee—to whom the power is giv'n
To torture earth, to torture heaven?
Alas! what ills have mortals done
That thou ſhould'ſt ſend them ſuch a ſon—
Malicious, cruel, full of wiles,
Though luring with his dimply ſmiles?
Why didſt thou give him wings and darts,
Imperious over human hearts—
To fly, where'er he will, ſo fierce;
And, as he liſts, our boſoms pierce?

IDYLLIUM THE NINTH.

FRIENDSHIP.

O Bleſt are they who love, and are belov'd!
Thus THESEUS his PERITHOUS' friendſhip knew;
And, though amidſt the infernal regions, drew
Pure bliſs from converſe that exhauſtleſs prov'd!

Thus too ORESTES, happy though he rov'd
O'er *Scythian* deſarts drear, had power to ſtrew
All on the barren waſte where'er he mov'd
Flowers of delight!—for PYLADES was true,

Ever the ſweet companion of his way!
And thus divine ÆACIDES was bleſt,
While his aſſociate in the realms of day
Remain'd; and tranquil to *Elyſian* reſt
PATROCLUS flew—for his pale breathleſs clay
Not unaveng'd the plain of carnage preſt!

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

ON HYACINTHUS.

IN wild deſpondence PHŒBUS' ſorrows flow,
Trembling with all the agony of woe!
Each remedy he ſought; but no where found
A ſanatory balm, to cloſe the wound!
His bathing nectar and ambroſia fail—
Alas! if fate oppoſe, can art avail?

FRAGMENT II.

TO repair to an artiſt, in every caſe,
Muſt argue, my friend, little ſpirit or grace:
How idle another's aſſiſtance to aſk!
Go—frame thy own pipe—'Tis no difficult taſk.

FRAGMENT III.

GO, LOVE, invite the charming choir of MUSES!
Ye MUSES, bring back LOVE again!
And may your ſong, that Life's ſweet balm diffuſes,
Soothe away the ſenſe of pain!

FRAGMENT IV

BY dropping inceſſantly, water alone
Can wear to a hollow the hardeſt of ſtone!

FRAGMENT V.

BUT I ſtill ſlope my ſolitary way,
And, whiſpering cruel GALATEA, ſtray
Along the ſhelving cliff, beſide the beach,
And chaſe ſweet Hope, though wing'd beyond my reach!

O may the lovely phantom yet engage,
Ev'n at the close of dim-declining age;
Dreſt in the tints of dear deluſion riſe,
Nor diſappear, 'till death o'erſhade my eyes!

FRAGMENT VI.

NOR let me paſs without a palm!
APOLLO ſheds the grateful balm:
But lo! while honor's voice invites,
My breaſt expands for nobler flights!

FRAGMENT VII.

BEAUTY is woman's faireſt good!
But that of man, is Fortitude.

THE

IDYLLIA

OF

MOSCHUS.

ΑΥΣΟΝΙΚΑΣ ΟΔΥΝΑΣ ΜΕΛΠΩ ΜΕΛΟΣ.

MOSCHUS.

O SOLITUDE, ON ME BESTOW
THE HEARTFELT HARMONY OF WOE;
SUCH, SUCH AS, ON THE AUSONIAN SHORE,
SWEET DORIAN MOSCHUS TRILL'D OF YORE!

GRAINGER.

IDYLLIUM THE FIRST.

The STRAY CUPID.

AS CUPID from his mother VENUS ſtray'd,
Thus, crying him aloud, the Goddeſs ſaid:
'If any one a wandering CUPID ſee,
'The little fugitive belongs to me.
'And if he tell what path the rogue purſues,
'My kiſſes ſhall reward him for the news:
'But if he bring me back the boy I miſs,
'I'll give him ſomething ſweeter than a kiſs.
'So plain—ſo numerous are his marks, you'll own
'That ev'n among a ſcore he may be known.
'Flame-colour'd is his glowing ſkin—not white;
'Fierce are his eyes, that flaſh malignant light,

‘ Smooth are his words, his voice as honey ſweet,
‘ Yet war is in his heart, and dark deceit!
‘ Provoke him—and his rage all check defies—
‘ Frantic, in other's woe his paſtime lies.
‘ Bright-cluſtering locks his lovely forehead grace,
‘ But inſolent expreſſion marks his face.
‘ Though little are his hands, thoſe hands can fling
‘ Darts ev'n to *Acheron*, and the infernal King.
‘ Though bare his body, yet no art can find
‘ A clue to trace the motions of his mind.
‘ As the fleet bird, on airy pinions light,
‘ From men to ſighing maids he wings his flight;
‘ Now here, now there, in many a circle ſtrays,
‘ Yet perching, on their vitals inly preys.
‘ Lo! ready from his little bow to fly—
‘ His arrow, ſwift though ſlight, can pierce the ſky.
‘ A golden quiver on his ſhoulder glows,
‘ And holds the embitter'd darts for friends or foes.
‘ Ev'n I their frequent wounds would vainly ſhun!
‘ But his fell torch—its blaze ev'n dims the ſun!

'If you ſecure the wanderer, bring him bound;
'Nor mind him, though he cry and ſtamp the ground.
'And truſt him not, though ſmiling he appears;
'Alike deceitful are his ſmiles and tears.
'To kiſs you, ſweetly-laughing, ſhould he try,
'Fly him—there's poiſon in his kiſſes—fly!
'But if he ſay: "How idle your alarms!
"Here—take my darts—my arrows—take my arms!"
'Ah! touch them not—beware the treacherous aim—
'His darts, his arrows, are all tipt with flame.'

IDYLLIUM THE SECOND.

EUROPA.

ONCE VENUS to AGENOR's royal maid
A viſion's airy portraiture diſplay'd,
At that calm hour when night and morning meet;
When ſleep, than honey's balmy drops more ſweet,
Sits on the eye-lids, and in tender ties
(Each limb relaxing) binds the cheriſh'd eyes;
When many a form light-riſing to the view
Swims in prophetic trance; when dreams are true—
'Twas then EUROPA (as, in virgin bloom,
High in the upper chamber of the dome
Aſleep ſhe lay) two continents beheld,
Fierce ASIA, and the adverſe ſhore, impell'd

By warring rage; while each appear'd to riſe
In female form diſtinct—herſelf the prize!
And, whilſt a foreign ſtamp that ſeem'd to wear,
This, with a native's more engaging air,
Impaſſion'd cried: 'The nymph was her's alone,
'Her offspring—nurs'd and cheriſh'd as her own.'
But ſhe (the ſtranger-power) ſtrait forc'd away
With ſtronger arm her unreſiſting prey,
And ſaid: 'The fair EUROPA was her meed—
'By ægis-bearing JOVE's high will decreed.'
Alarm'd, EUROPA leap'd with ſudden ſtart,
And in quick pulſes throbb'd her fluttering heart.
For as reality the dream appear'd;
Still, though awake, ſhe ſaw, and ſtill ſhe heard.
Silent in pale ſuſpenſe the virgin hung—
At length theſe accents trembled on her tongue:
'Oh ſay! What God hath offer'd to my ſight
'Thoſe ſpectred ſhapes, to fill me with affright?
'While ſweetly ſlumbering on my bed I lay,
What viſions paſs'd in fanciful ar ay?

'Say, who the form that bore ſo kind a part?
'Her charming aſpect—how it ſtruck my heart!
'How fond! and how, careſſing me, ſhe ſmil'd
'With ſweet maternal love, as on her child!
'With happy omens, ye Immortals, bleſs
'The dream; nor, hence, immerge me in diſtreſs!'
This ſaid, ſhe roſe, and ſought the comrade-train
Who join'd her oft in revels on the plain;
Thoſe, who could beſt her fond regard engage,
Fair, and of noble birth, and equal age.
With them the feſtal dance ſhe lov'd to lead,
Or pluck the fragrant lilies of the mead,
Or bathe, (while rag'd the noontide's ſultry ray)
The dear companions of her ſocial day!
Strait the gay troop, deſcending to the ſhore,
Whilſt in her hand each nymph a baſket bore,
Hail'd the familiar fields, where many a roſe
They oft had ſeen its full-blown leaves diſcloſe;
Or muſing liſten'd, on the ſea-beat verge,
To the deep murmurs of the daſhing ſurge.

But lo, diſtinguiſh'd from the beauteous band,
A golden baſket grac'd EUROPA's hand—
VULCAN's great work, high-wrought for NEPTUNE's bride,
Who gave it TELEPHASSA next allied:
She on EUROPA the fair gift beſtow'd,
Where many a ſplendid image richly glow'd.

There, ſtill a heifer's form, nor yet her own,
In ſculptur'd gold the beauteous IO ſhone;
While with an æſtrum ſtung, in maddening heat,
She paw'd the azure waves that waſh'd her feet;
And, as two men ſtood watching on the brim
Her eager motions, ſeem'd in act to ſwim.
There, too, JOVE's placid ſemblance ſeem'd to ſtand,
And ſtroke the heifer with his heavenly hand;
'Till near old *Nile* (the woman reaſſum'd)
Her wonted charms of virgin beauty bloom'd.
The currents of the *Nile* in ſilver roll'd;
In braſs the heifer roſe; but JOVE in gold.

Figures around in bold relievo riſe:
Here HERMES pipes, and ſleepleſs ARGUS lies
Deck'd with the ſplendor of an hundred eyes.
There from his crimſon blood a peacock ſprings,
Exulting ſhakes the plumage of his wings;
And, as a ſhip unfurls her ſpreading ſail,
Expands the ſtarry honors of his tail,
That on the baſket's circling rim diffuſe
All the rich radiance of purpureal hues.

Such was the gift:—And now, each lovely maid
Cull'd with fair hands the flowerets of the glade.
The hyacinth, the vi'let's modeſt blue,
Or wild thyme, or the ſweet narciſſus, drew
Their pleas'd regard: The flower-leaves ſtrew'd around,
Spread ſoftly with their vernal tints the ground.
Others to pluck the golden crocus haſte,
Sporting in gay diverſities of taſte;
Queen of the chorus whilſt EUROPA choſe
To crop the bluſhes of the full-blown roſe.

With ſuch an air, when light her footſteps move
Amid the Graces, blooms the Queen of Love!
Theſe ſimple joys not long remain'd her own;
Not long unblemiſh'd was her virgin zone!
For, ſudden, pierc'd by VENUS, JOVE ſurvey'd
(Her darts transfix ev'n JOVE) the peerleſs maid!
As through his heart impetuous ardors run,
Behold (the jealous JUNO's rage to ſhun,
And by a wondrous artifice enſnare
The boſom of an unſuſpecting fair)
Veil'd in a bull, he lays the god aſide,
But yet adorn'd with more than beſtial pride!
Unlike thoſe bulls, who, patient of the yoke,
Have oft the ſlow plough drawn, the furrow broke;
Or ſuch as harneſs'd drag the heavy wain,
Croud the full ſtalls, or graze in herds the plain:
Bright on his front a ſilver circle grew,
And his ſleek body gleam'd a golden hue;
Whilſt, as the creſcent, roſe his horns above,
And his blue eyes ſhone languiſhing with love!

Thus beauteous o'er the meadow as he went,
Each damſel on his pleaſing form intent
Drew near, and long'd to ſtroke him, unalarm'd;
While his ambroſial breath their ſenſes charm'd,
Than all the fragrance of the vale more ſweet!
Now, ſoftly ſportive at EUROPA's feet,
He lick'd her neck, and ſeem'd in amorous play:
Then gently from his mouth ſhe wip'd away
The hanging froth; and, uninſpir'd with dread,
Patted, and innocently kiſs'd his head.
Lowing (ſo clear the tones, they ſeem'd to ſuit
The muſick of the ſoft *Mygdonian* flute)
He bent his knees—all pliant as he low'd—
And his broad back, with eyes of meaning, ſhow'd.
But ſhe, delighted, to the virgins cried,
(The deep-hair'd nymphs) 'Come, comrades, let us ride!
'Come! for he ſtoops! and ſure his back is ſtrong!
'As the ſwift ſhip he'll bear us light along!
'So mild his aſpect, ſo unlike his kind,
'He ſhews ſuch meek benignity of mind——

'To equal human beings, we muſt own,
'The creature wants the powers of ſpeech alone.'
Thus ſpoke the nymph—and ſtrait his back aſcends,
And calls with vacant laugh her lingering friends:
But ſpringing inſtant from her comrades' reach,
In rapid bounds he bore her to the beach!
She, turning to her dear companion train,
Call'd for vain help, and ſtretch'd her arms in vain;
When now amid the wave with vigorous leap
He plung'd, and as a dolphin ſkim'd the deep!
Sudden uproſe the NEREIDS round the God,
And on the backs of whales in triumph rode:
The loud-voic'd NEPTUNE hail'd the long array,
And ſmooth'd, his brother's guide, the watery way;
While, riſing from old OCEAN's deepeſt caves,
Crouded upon the ſurface of the waves
The TRITON band, (as paſs'd the pomp along)
And on their wreath'd conchs rung the nuptial ſong!
Each effort all too feeble to withſtand
The God ſtill ruſhing, with her better hand

She graſp'd his curled horn—her left updrew
Her purple robe, whoſe wetted foldings flew
Wild o'er the ſurge: Around her, as ſhe held,
Soft like a ſail the breezy veſture ſwell'd.

And now, while neither ſhores nor mountains riſe,
Borne far—far diſtant from her native ſkies,
(While nought but heaven appears above, below
One dizzy waſte, the boundleſs waters flow)
Around her many a gazing look ſhe caſt,
And thus exclaim'd in wonder, as ſhe paſt:
'O ſay, who art thou? Whither art thou bent?
'Say, heavenly creature, what thy ſtrange intent?
'How can thy hoofs ſo heavy ſteer with eaſe?
'Doſt thou not tremble at this waſte of ſeas?
'Though veſſels o'er the wave full ſwiftly glide,
'Bulls ever dread the ocean's briny tide!
'And what thy beverage? Can this wild abode
'Supply ambroſial viands for a God?

'For ſure the nature of the Gods is thine—
'Yet is this worthy of thy deathleſs line?
'Nor dolphins quit the deep, nor bulls the ſhore;
'Thou rov'ſt o'er earth and ſea! Each hoof an oar!
'Alas! who knows but flying thou wilt bear
'Thy burthen (like a bird) through azure air!
'Ah me! Thus heedleſs, how could I forego
'My own dear home, and plunge myſelf in woe?
'Lo! through my fond ſimplicity betray'd,
'I rove this waſte, a ſolitary maid!
'But thou, O NEPTUNE, whom the deeps obey,
'Propitious come, and ſpeed my deſtin'd way!
'O let my heavenly guide unveil'd appear;
'For not without a God I wander here!'

'Courage, dear Nymph,—the broad-horn'd bull replied—
'Nor fear the fancied perils of the tide.
'Know, though a bull I ſeem to mortal eyes!
'I'm JOVE himſelf—the ruler of the ſkies.

'And thus (I can aſſume what ſhape I pleaſe)
'Fir'd by thy charms, I brave this length of ſeas!
'But *Crete* now waits (fair iſle, the nurſe of JOVE)
'To crown with HYMEN's rites my fervid love:
'And from thy womb while ſons illuſtrious ſpring,
'The ſubject earth ſhall hail each ſon a king.'

Scarce had he ſpoke—confirming all he ſaid
When *Crete* roſe miſty o'er its watery bed!
Strait in another form the Thunderer ſhone,
And loos'd, with ardent haſte, her virgin zone!
The HORÆ ſmooth'd their couch, and led to love;
And fair EUROPA bluſh'd—the bride of JOVE—
Erelong to triumph, from the God's embrace,
The happy mother of a ſceptred race!

IDYLLIUM THE THIRD.

THE EPITAPH ON BION.

MOURN, *Dorian* ſtream, departed BION mourn!
Pour the hoarſe murmur from thy pallid urn!
Sigh, groves and lawns! Ye plants, in ſorrow wave;
Ye flowers, breathe ſickly ſweets o'er BION's grave!
Anemonies and roſes, bluſh your grief;
Expand, pale hyacinth, thy letter'd leaf!
Thy marks of anguiſh more diſtinctly ſhow—
Ah! well the tuneful herdſman claims your woe!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!

Ye Nightingales that ſoothe the ſhadowy vale,
Warble to *Arethuſa*'s ſtreams the tale
Of BION dead: Lamenting nature's pride,
He ſunk! Ah then the *Dorian* muſic died!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Ye Swans of *Strymon*, bid ſo ſweet a note
As BION breath'd along your green banks, float
O'er the ſtill wave! and tell *Biſtonia*'s Maids,
That *Doric* ORPHEUS charms no more the glades.

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Dear to the MUSE, alas! no more he ſings,
By yon' lone oak that ſhades the plaſhy ſprings.
He roams a ſpectre through the glooms of fear,
And chaunts the oblivious verſe to PLUTO's ear.
O'er the huſh'd hills his penſive heifers rove,
Refuſe their paſture, and forget their love!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Thee—thee, O BION, ſnatch'd from earth away,
The Satyrs wail'd, and ev'n the God of Day!
PAN for thy numbers heav'd his ſighing breaſt,
And ſad PRIAPUS mourn'd in ſable veſt.
The Naïds in deſpairing anguiſh ſtood,
And ſwell'd with briny tears their fountain-flood.
Mute ECHO, as her mimic muſic dies,
Amidſt her dreary rocks lamenting lies.
The trees reſign'd their fruitage at thy death,
And all the faded flowers, their ſcented breath.
The ewes no milk—the hives no honey gave;
But what avail'd it, the rich ſtores to ſave?
What, that the bee no balmy flow'ret ſips,
Extinct the ſweeter honey of thy lips?

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Not with ſuch grief the Dolphin fill'd the ſeas,
Or Philomela's plaint the woodland breeze,

Or PROGNE's bitter woe the mountains hoar,
Or wild ALCYONE the fatal ſhore;
Or faithful CERYLUS the cave, where lies
His mate ſtill breathing fondneſs as ſhe dies;
Or MEMNON's ſcreaming birds his orient tomb,
As now they utter, at their BION's doom!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
The love-lorn nightingales that learnt his ſong,
The ſwallows twittering ſhrill—the boughs among,
Join their ſad notes; the vocal groves reply—
Sigh too, ye turtles, for your BION ſigh!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Who now, regretted ſwain, thy pipe ſhall play;
Touch the fair ſtops, or trill the melting lay?
Faint from thy lips ſtill breathe the mellow reeds;
Still on their dying ſweetneſs ECHO feeds:

To bear thoſe melodies to PAN be mine;
Though he may fear to riſk his fame with thine!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
And GALATEA too bewails thy fate—
Fair nymph, who oft upon the ſea-ſhore ſat
Sooth'd by thy ſongs, and fled the *Cyclops'* arms—
Far other ſtrains were thine! far other charms!
Now on the ſand ſhe ſits—forgets the ſea—
Yet feeds thy herds, and ſtill remembers thee!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
With thee, O ſwain, expir'd the MUSE's bliſs—
The roſeate bloom of youth, the roſeate kiſs!
The fluttering CUPIDS round thy aſhes cry,
And fond—fond VENUS mixes many a ſigh!
She loves thee, as ADONIS' parting breath—
As his laſt kiſſes ſo endear'd by death!

Here—here, O MELES, muſical in woe,
Sad for another ſon thy tide ſhall flow!
For thy firſt poet mourn'd thy plaintive wave;
Each murmur deepen'd at thy HOMER's grave:
Another grief (melodious ſtream) appears!
Alas! another poet claims thy tears!
Dear to the fountains which inſpire the MUSE,
That drank of HELICON—*this* ARETHUSE!
That bard his harp to beauteous HELEN ſtrung!
And the dire anger of PELIDES ſung:
This—in his ſofter lay no wars diſplay'd,
But chaunted PAN all peaceful in the ſhade!
He fram'd his reeds, or milk'd his kine, or led
His herds to paſture, ſinging as they fed!
And oft, ſo dear to VENUS, he careſt
The little CUPID in his panting breaſt.

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!

The cities and the towns thy death deplore—
Than her own HESIOD *Aſcra* mourns thee more!
Not thus her PINDAR *Hylæ*'s grief bemoans—
Not *Leſbos* thus ALCÆUS' manly tones!
Not *Ceos*, *Paros*, thus regret their bards—
And *Mitylene* yet thy reed regards
Beyond her SAPPHO's lyre; and every ſwain
Pipes thee, O BION, on his native plain.
The *Samian*'s gentle notes thy memory greet—
PHILETAS too—and LYCIDAS of *Crete!*
Now, breathing heavy ſighs, each heart deſpairs,
Though erſt full many a jocund revel theirs.
Thee too, dear bard, THEOCRITUS bewails,
The ſweeteſt warbler of *Sicilia*'s dales!
And I, who ſuit to ſorrow's melting tone
The *Auſonian* verſe, but mimic muſic own.
If e'er the charms of melody I knew,
'Tis to thy forming ſkill the praiſe is due.
Others may claim thy gold—the gold be theirs!
Ours be the *Doric* MUSE, thy wealthier heirs.

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Though fade criſp aniſe, and the parſley's green,
And vivid mallows from the garden-ſcene,
The balmy breath of ſpring their life renews,
And bids them flouriſh in their former hues!
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wiſe,
When once the ſeal of death hath clos'd our eyes,
Loſt in the hollow tomb obſcure and deep,
Slumber, to wake no more, one long unbroken ſleep!
Thou too, while many a ſcrannel reed I hear
Grating eternal harſhneſs on my ear—
Thou too, thy charm of melting muſic o'er,
Shut in the ſilent earth, ſhalt riſe no more!

Begin, and in the tendereſt notes complain!
Sicilian MUSE, begin the mournful ſtrain!
'Twas poiſon gave thee to the graſp of death—
Ah! could not poiſon ſweeten at thy breath?

Who for thoſe lips of melody could dare
The venom'd chalice (murderous wretch) prepare?
Such wretches rove with vengeance at their heels;
While now at this drear hour my boſom feels
The burſting ſigh! Like ORPHEUS could I go,
Or wiſe ULYSSES, to the ſhades below,
To PLUTO's dome my ſteps ſhould ſtrait repair,
To hear what numbers thou art chaunting there.
But ſing, as in the genial realms of light,
Some ſweet bucolic to the Queen of Night.
She once amid thoſe golden meadows play'd,
And ſung the *Dorian* ſong in ÆTNA's ſhade.
Thy muſic ſhall aſcend with all the fire—
With all the ſtrong effect of ORPHEUS' lyre!
Fair PROSERPINE ſhall liſten to thy ſtrain,
And, pitying, ſend thee to thy hills again.
O that, as ORPHEUS' lyre reclaim'd his wife,
My pipe had power to bring thy ſhade to life!

IDYLLIUM, THE FOURTH.

MEGARA, the Wife of HERCULES, and ALCMENA, his Mother.

MEGARA.

'SAY, whence thoſe looks that tell ſo dire a tale,
'The groan ſo waſting, and the cheek ſo pale?
'Is it thy tortur'd offſpring to ſurvey?
'To ſee a fawn upon a lion prey?
'To ſee a worthleſs wretch torment thy ſon?
'Ye Gods! what evil hath MEGARA done?
'Immortals! have I merited your ſcorn?
'Ah me, to adverſe fate untimely born!
'Who, who ſo curs'd? E'er ſince the hour he led
'Me, a fond virgin, to the nuptial bed,
'Dear have I ever priz'd him as theſe eyes,
'And, ſtill adoring, from my ſoul I prize!

' But ah, my matchleſs lord was doom'd to ſhare
' Such bitter draughts, amid his every care,
' As from the cup of ſorrow ſeem to flow,
' Deeper than any dregs of mortal woe!
' Wretch! on his children—his own fleſh, he flew,
' And with APOLLO's darts in frenzy flew!
' *Fates—Furies* rather the dire darts ſupplied!—
' Slain by their fire before theſe eyes they died!
' Oh how they aſk'd (and never dream diſplay'd
' So dread a ſcene) their helpleſs mother's aid!
' Alas! (I hear each dying echo ſtill)
' Theſe hands had vainly croſs'd the inſuperable ill.
' But as a hapleſs bird her young bewails,
' That, yet unfledg'd, a cruel ſnake aſſails
' 'Mid the thick copſe; around her offspring flies,
' And twitters in ſhrill notes her plaintive cries;
' Not venturing near—too weak to bring relief—
' Yet hovering in an agony of grief—
' So (my poor offspring fall'n in early bloom)
' I ran all frantic through the blood-ſtain'd dome.

'O DIAN! ſovereign of the female world,
'Had but thy hand the dart in pity hurl'd;
'Its poiſon to this waſting boſom ſped,
'And ſtruck me on my ſlaughter'd children dead—
'Then had my parents the laſt office paid,
'And on one pile the breathleſs relics laid!
'Then weeping had they ſeen our bodies burn,
'Clos'd the pale aſhes in one common urn,
'And kindly, to compleat the rites of death,
'Buried, where firſt we drew our vital breath.
'Now where AONIA boaſts her fertile ſoil,
'Mid *Theban* ſteeds they urge the rural toil.
'But I, at *Tiryns*, JUNO's ſacred ſeat,
'Feel many a ſorrow in my boſom beat:
'Each day one melancholy blank appears,
'And brings no reſpite—to eternal tears!
'Yet ſoon theſe eyes ſhall hail my hapleſs lord
'To his own roof (though tranſiently) reſtor'd!
'For many a labor muſt he ſtill ſuſtain,
'Rove the rough earth, and paſs the ſtormy main;

'While in his breaſt he bears, to fear unknown,
'A rigid heart of iron or of ſtone!
'But thou, like water, art diſſolv'd away—
'Thy ſorrows flow by night—nor ceaſe by day!
'Of all my friends thou only haſt the power
'To gild with comfort's ray the darkſome hour!
'They—they beyond the pine-rob'd iſthmus dwell!—
'Nor, as a hapleſs woman, can I tell
'My griefs; or to one ſoothing friend impart
'(Except my ſiſter PYRRHA) my full heart!
'She pines too for her IPHICLUS—thy ſon—
'And ſure dire ills through all thy lineage run,
'Still tortur'd, whether firſt their lives began
'From Gods their deathleſs fires, or mortal man.'

She ſpoke—and tears faſt trickled from her eyes,
And fill'd her lovely breaſt ſurcharg'd with ſighs!
While memory, in freſh colors, to her view
The image of her ſons and parents drew.

Meantime deep groans ALCMENA's anguiſh ſpeak,
And drops hang trembling on her pallid cheek;
When thus, ſlow-raiſing her dejected head,
Her daughter ſhe addreſs'd, and ſagely ſaid:
' O daughter! hapleſs in thy offspring ſlain,
' Why thus revive theſe images of pain?
' Why thus immers'd in unavailing woe,
' Still bid our tears, that oft have flow'd, o'erflow?
' Ah! does not each ſucceſſive ſun diſplay
' Its own mark'd ills, " ſufficient to the day?"
' Wretches alone our griefs would number o'er—
' Be cheer'd—the Gods have bleſſings yet in ſtore.
' But I excuſe thy ever-pining care,
' My child—of pleaſure I have had my ſhare.
' And 'tis with pity and regret I rate
' Thy woes—the partner of our heavy fate!
' But (hear, O PROSERPINE and CERES, hear,
' Ye, whoſe avenging wrath the perjur'd fear)
' I've lov'd thee—haply not to thee unknown—
' As if from infant years thou wert mine own!

'I've lov'd thee, as the offspring of my womb,
'As ſtill mine only, in thy virgin-bloom!
'Then deem not—deem not my affection cold—
'No—though a NIOBE thine eye behold
'In the ſad mother who may well deplore
'Her ſuffering ſon! For ten long months I bore—
'And, ere he ſaw the light, my life nigh loſt
'Hover'd, in bitter pangs, for PLUTO's coaſt.
'Now 'mid new toils his vagrant footſteps roam,
'Never, perchance, to bleſs, returning home,
'Theſe longing eyes! Beſides, a viſion late
'Appear'd—(alas, too ominous of fate!)
'Riſing with many a terror to my ſight,
'As lock'd in ſleep I lay at dead of night.
'Methought, my HERCULES himſelf diſplay'd
'(All naked) in his hand a ponderous ſpade;
'And, at the outſkirts of a fruitful ſoil,
'Delv'd a deep ditch, and urg'd the labourer's toil.
'But when his finiſh'd fence ſeem'd ſunk around
'The wide-girt area of the vineyard ground;

' And he, now ready for recruiting reſt,
' Fix'd in the glebe his ſpade, and fought his veſt;
' Quick-flaſhing from the trench a fiery ſtream
' Burſt out, and round him roll'd its vengeful flame!
' He ſwift from VULCAN's fury ſkimm'd the field,
' Shook his broad ſpade protective like a ſhield;
' Now here, now there, his eager glances threw,
' And mark'd the rapid volume as it flew.
' Then IPHICLUS (for ſuch my dream portray'd)
' Sudden ſeem'd ruſhing to the hero's aid;
' But, ere he reach'd ALCIDES, ſlid away,
' And on the ground bereft of motion lay!
' Like an enfeebled man, that fall'n, through years,
' All motionleſs and fix'd to earth appears;
' Till ſome kind ſtranger the wiſh'd aid ſupplies,
' Pities his ſilver beard, and bids him riſe!
' To ſee my ſons thus helpleſs—thus forlorn—
' I heav'd the inceſſant ſigh, and wept till morn!
' Then wing'd away before the roſy beam,
' My ſlumbers vaniſh'd with my frightful dream.

'Such then, my child, the viſion I relate:
'And ah! the juſt interpreteſs of fate,
'May I preſage its blackening omens true,
'And ſee dire ills EURYSTHEUS' ſteps purſue;
'Turn'd from the heroes of our houſe, to ſpread
'Their tenfold horrors on his guilty head!'

IDYLLIUM THE FIFTH.

The CHOICE.

WHEN o'er the blue wave zephyr blows,
I cannot on the land repoſe;
And when a calm hath huſh'd the ſeas,
'Tis more inviting than the breeze:
But when the foaming waters roar,
And the long ſurges laſh the ſhore;
To earth I turn my eager eye,
And from the billowy thunder fly.
Then, more ſecure on land, I hail
The pine-tree, in the darkſome vale;
Though, ſhivering to the ſtorm, it fling
Its cones around, and wildly ſing.

Sure, moſt of human ills the mark,
The fiſher lives, his houſe a bark;
The ſea his ever-during toil,
The finny race his fickle ſpoil!
But oh! for me, how ſweet to ſleep
Beneath the foliage cool and deep
Of a dim plane, and ſoothe my ear
With pebbly rills, that tinkle near!
How ſweet, by no pale fear allay'd,
Such pleaſure in the ruſtic ſhade!

IDYLLIUM THE SIXTH.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN for his neighbour ECHO ſighs;
She loves the *Dancing*-SATYR:
The SATYR, caught by LYDA's eyes,
Is dying to be at her.

As ECHO fires the breaſt of PAN,
Behold the *Dancer* burn
The *Nymph*'s ſoft heart—though LYDA's man:
Thus each is ſcorch'd in turn.

While all who ſlight are ſlighted too,
They feel alternate pain:
Then hear—' Love thoſe that fancy you,
' And you'll be lov'd again.'

IDYLLIUM THE SEVENTH.

To the EVENING STAR.

SWEET HESPER, thou, whoſe golden light
(The ſacred glory of the night)
Illumes the deep-cerulean ſkies;
Whoſe beams ſo dear to VENUS riſe;
To whom the ſtarry fires are pale
As thou to ſilver CYNTHIA—hail!
O guide me to my ſhepherd's feaſt!
Ev'n now the lunar orb's decreas'd—
Soon will it ſet: O lend thy ray,
To gild my ſolitary way!
I go not, ſhelter'd by the ſhade,
The nightly traveller to invade;
'Tis love impels! O HESPER, prove,
Sweet ſtar, propitious to my love!

IDYLLIUM THE EIGHTH.

ALPHEUS.

SOON as ALPHEUS bids his current pour
Its foam into the deep, near *Piſa*'s ſhore,
With olives crown'd, fair leaves and flowers he brings,
And ſacred duſt, to ARETHUSA's ſprings.
For deep and unperceiv'd his waters flow;
Nor mingle with the main, but roll below.
Thus CUPID full of wiles, his power to prove,
Hath taught a river ev'n to dive for love.

EPIGRAM.

CUPID turned PLOUGHMAN.

ONCE CUPID, aſſuming a ruſtical ſlouch,
With a goad in his hand, at his ſhoulder a pouch,
(His torch and his bow were awhile thrown aſide)
Yok'd his bulls to the plough, and thus waggiſhly cried:
'Now, JOVE, ſwell the grain! or, I'll make thee–no joke—
'Gentle bull of EUROPA, ſubmit to the yoke!

THE

ELEGIES

OF

TYRTÆUS.

Ω ΤΥΡΤΑΙΕ, ΠΟΙΗΤΑ ΘΕΙΟΤΑΤΕ ΔΟΚΕΙΣ ΓΑΡ ΔΗ ΣΟΦΟΣ ΗΜΙΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΑΓΑΘΟΣ · ΟΤΙ, ΤΟΥΣ ΕΝ ΤΩ ΠΟΛΕΜΩ ΔΙΑΦΕΡΟΝΤΑΣ, ΔΙΑΦΕΡΟΝΤΩΣ ΕΓΚΕΚΩΜΙΑΚΑΣ.

PLATO.

ΑΓΑΘΟΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΗΝ ΝΟΜΙΖΩ, ΝΕΩΝ ΨΥΧΑΣ ΚΑΛΛΥΝΕΙΝ · ΩΣ, ΤΟΙΣ ΝΕΟΙΣ, ΔΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΩΝ, ΟΡΜΗΝ ΕΜΠΟΙΟΥΝΤΑ, ΜΕΤΑ ΘΥΜΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΦΙΛΟΤΙΜΙΑΣ, ΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ ΜΑΧΑΙΣ, ΑΦΕΙΔΟΥΣΑΝ ΕΑΥΤΩΝ.

PLUTARCH.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

I WOULD not value, or tranſmit the fame
Of him, whoſe brighteſt worth in ſwiftneſs lies;
Nor would I chaunt his poor unwarlike name
Who wins no chaplet but the wreſtler's prize.

In vain, for me, the *Cyclops'* giant might
Blends with the beauties of TITHONUS' form;
In vain the racer's agile powers unite,
Fleet as the whirlwind of the *Thracian* ſtorm.

In vain, for me, the riches round him glow
A MIDAS or a CINYRAS poſſeſt;
Sweet as ADRASTUS' tongue his accents flow,
Or PELOPS' ſceptre ſeems to ſtamp him bleſt.

Vain all the daſtard honors he may boaſt,
If his ſoul thirſt not for the martial field;
Meet not the fury of the ruſhing hoſt,
Nor bear o'er hills of ſlain the untrembling ſhield.

This—this is virtue: This—the nobleſt meed
That can adorn our youth with fadeleſs rays;
While all the perils of the adventurous deed,
The new-ſtrung vigor of the ſtate repays.

Amid the foremoſt of the embattled train,
Lo the young hero hails the glowing fight;
And, though fall'n troops around him preſs the plain,
Still fronts the foe, nor brooks inglorious flight.

His life—his fervid ſoul oppos'd to death,
He dares the terrors of the field defy;
Kindles each ſpirit with his panting breath,
And bids his comrade-warriors nobly die!

See, ſee, diſmay'd, the phalanx of the foe
Turns round, and hurries o'er the plain afar;
While doubling, as afreſh, the deadly blow,
He rules, intrepid chief, the waves of war.

Now fall'n, the nobleſt of the van, he dies!
His city by the beauteous death renown'd;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
The ſhield, the breaſt-plate hackt by many a wound.

The young—the old, alike commingling tears,
His country's heavy grief bedews the grave;
And all his race in verdant luſtre wears
Fame's richeſt wreath, tranſmitted from the brave.

Though mixt with earth the periſhable clay,
His name ſhall live, while glory loves to tell,
'True to his country how he won the day,
'How firm the hero ſtood, how calm he fell!'

But if he 'ſcape the doom of death (the doom
To long—long dreary ſlumbers) he returns
While trophies flaſh, and victor-laurels bloom,
And all the ſplendor of the triumph burns.

The old—the young—careſs him, and adore;
And with the city's love, through life, repay'd,
He ſees each comfort, that endears, in ſtore,
Till, the laſt hour, he ſinks to PLUTO's ſhade.

Old as he droops, the citizens, o'eraw'd,
(Ev'n veterans) to his mellow glories yield;
Nor would in thought diſhonour or defraud
The hoary ſoldier of the well-fought field.

Be your's to reach ſuch eminence of fame;
To gain ſuch heights of virtue nobly dare,
My youths! and, 'mid the fervor of acclaim,
Preſs, preſs to glory; nor remit the war!

ELEGY THE SECOND.

ROUSE, rouſe, my youths! the chain of torpor break!
Spurn idle reſt, and couch the glittering lance!
What! Does not ſhame with bluſhes ſtain your cheek
Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?

Ignoble youths! Say, when ſhall valor's flame
Burn in each breaſt? Here, here, while hoſts invade,
And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye ſit, as if ſtill peace embower'd the ſhade.

But, ſure, fair honor crowns the auſpicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our ſhelter'd offſpring bleſs the ſhield.

What time the fates ordain, pale death appears:
  Then, with firm ſtep and ſword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the firſt thick ſhower of ſpears,
  Beneath thy buckler guard the intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boaſt celeſtial fires,
  Slave to the ſovereign deſtiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
  Or yields unwept at home his coward breath.

Yet ſympathy attends the brave man's bier;
  Sees on each wound the balmy grief beſtow'd;
And, as in death the univerſal tear,
  Through life inſpires the homage of a God.

For like a turret his proud glories riſe,
  And ſtand, above the rival's reach, alone;
While millions hail, with fond adoring eyes,
  The deeds of many a hero meet in one!

ELEGY THE THIRD.

YET are ye HERCULES' unconquer'd race—
Remand, heroic tribe, your ſpirit loſt!
Not yet all-ſeeing JOVE averts his face;
Then meet without a fear the thronging hoſt.

Each to the foe his ſteady ſhield oppoſe,
Accoutred to reſign his hateful breath:
The friendly ſun a mild effulgence throws
On valor's grave, though dark the frown of death.

Yes! ye have known the ruthleſs work of war!
Yes! ye have known its tears—its heavy woe;
When, ſcattering in pale flight, ye rùſh'd afar,
Or chas'd the routed ſquadrons of the foe.

Of thoſe who dare, a ſtrong compacted band,
Firm for the fight their warrior-ſpirits link,
And grapple with the foeman, hand to hand,
How few, through deadly wounds expiring, ſink.

They, foremoſt in the ranks of battle, guard
The inglorious multitude that march behind;
While ſhrinking fears the coward's ſtep retard,
And dies each virtue in the feeble mind.

But 'tis not in the force of words to paint
What varied ills attend the ignoble troop,
Who trembling on the ſcene of glory faint,
Or wound the fugitives that breathleſs droop.

Baſely the ſoldier ſtabs, with hurried thruſt,
The unreſiſting wretch, that ſhieldleſs flies!
At his laſt gaſp diſhonour'd in the duſt
(His back transfix'd with ſpears) the daſtard lies!

Thus then, bold youth, the rules of valor learn:
  Stand firm, and fix on earth thy rooted feet;
Bite with thy teeth thy eager lips; and ſtern
  In conſcious ſtrength, the ruſhing onſet meet:

And ſhelter with thy broad and boſſy ſhield
  Thy thighs and ſhins, thy ſhoulders and thy breaſt;
The long ſpear ponderous in thy right-hand wield,
  And on thy head high nod the dreadful creſt.

Mark well the leſſons of the warlike art,
  That teach thee, if the ſhield with ample round
Protect thy boſom, to approach the dart,
  Nor chuſe with timid care the diſtant ground.

But, for cloſe combat with the fronting foe,
  Elate in valorous attitude draw near;
And aiming, hand to hand, the fateful blow,
  Brandiſh thy temper'd blade or maſſy ſpear.

Yes! for the rage of ſtubborn grapple ſteel'd,
  Graſp the ſword's hilt, and couch the long-beat lance;
Foot to the foeman's foot, and ſhield to ſhield,
  Creſt ev'n to creſt, and helm to helm, advance.

But ye light arm'd, who, trembling in the rear,
  Bear ſmaller targets, at a diſtance, throw
The hiſſing ſtone, or hurl the poliſh'd ſpear,
  (Plac'd nigh your panoply) to mar the foe.

ELEGY THE FOURTH.

IF, fighting for his dear paternal ſoil,
The ſoldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to deſpoil
His ſtore of fame, that ſhines the charge of all.

But if, oppreſt by penury, he rove
Far from his native town and fertile plain;
And lead the ſharer of his fondeſt love
In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother—his ſhrunk ſire
Join the ſad groupe; ſee many a bitter ill
Againſt the houſeleſs family conſpire,
And all the meaſure of the wretched fill.

Pale ſhivering want companion of his way,
He meets the luſtre of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey—
Dark hatred ſcowls, and ſcorn quick paſſes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth—
No bluſh now lingers in his ſunken face!
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
Of ſhame tranſmitted to a wandering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallow'd ſpot,
To ſhield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here ſteadily await our deſtin'd lot,
And, for their ſakes, reſign the gift of life.

Ye valorous youths, in ſquadrons cloſe combin'd,
Ruſh, with a noble impulſe, to the fight!
Let not a thought of life glance o'er your mind,
And not a momentary dream of flight.

Watch your hoar ſeniors bent by feeble age,
  Whoſe weak knees fail, though ſtrong their ardor glows;
Nor leave ſuch warriors to the battle's rage,
  But round their awful ſpirits firmly cloſe.

Baſe—baſe the ſight, if, foremoſt on the plain,
  In duſt and carnage the fall'n veteran roll;
And, ah! while youths ſhrink back, unſhielded, ſtain
  His ſilver temples, and breathe out his ſoul!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.